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Mr Nixon Waits His Cue

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S new illness is a further affliction for a man who commands respect, not only for his wartime services but also for his genuine desire to ensure peace. Where he has failed, the failure has been due to political inexperience rather than to the wrong intentions; and his declining health has made it increasingly difficult for him to meet the demands that his office has made upon him. Though, in the strict sense, he may still be capable of discharging his duties, both he and his advisers must be considering whether the moment will come for him to carry out his 1955 pledge of resignation—'in the event that I am physically unable to serve as president'.

He need not, of course, and may not resign. He is already a part-time president, forced to spend more and more time relaxing at golf or at Gettysburg: it would be nothing new for him to leave decisions to subordinates or to the palace guard which took over when he had his heart attack. And the group in the White House which has been effectively 'running' the President for the past three years may be as reluctant to let him go now as it was last year when he was induced to run for a second term. So long as President Eisenhower seemed to have a political future, Mr Sherman Adams, Mr Hagerty, Mr Dulles, and two or three other members of the inner circle were the policy-makers, and Mr Nixon was only the Vice-president. Though he was chosen for a second time as Mr Eisenhower's running mate, he has never become an intimate of the President—he has not, for instance, been invited for social visits to the Gettysburg farm—or of the corporation executives and military men on whom President Eisenhower has depended for advice.

It is not so easy, however, to dismiss Mr Nixon today. Two years ago, the White House clique ostentatiously humbled him when the President lay ill. It must now reckon on his succession—not yet, Mr Hagerty insists—but almost certainly before the 1960 election. Before long, Richard Nixon is likely to be top man: the question is simply whether the Eisenhower clique will still try to keep him waiting for office or whether, recognising the dangers of leaving the country without an effective leader, it will now swallow its dislike and allow him to become acting-president.

Three or four years ago, the arrival of Richard Nixon in the White House would have seemed a dreadful prospect, not merely to liberals but to a much wider body of opinion. He seemed an unprincipled smart-alick, a witch-hunting demagogue who could turn from the pursuit of Alger Hiss to the denunciation of the Roosevelt-Truman era as '20 years of treason', and so ambitious that no price seemed too high for a chance at the presidency. If there is now a 'new' Nixon, the secret of the change lies in that ambition. When anti-Communism was the means to political promotion, Nixon was willing to be 'McCarthy in a clean shirt'. But he has learnt that, to become president, he must create a quite different public image. And, as a professional politician, willing to work hard, he has deliberately set out to make himself a responsible party leader. It is a measure of his success in this task that the thought of his elevation no longer sends such a chill down the spine.

No one can predict what kind of president Nixon would make. But there are interesting clues in his behaviour in the last two years. He has taken a strong position on civil rights for Negroes: in his travels abroad, he has been careful to treat Africans and Asians as if they were treasured voters and he has gone out of his way to meet their religious and trade union leaders. He has been pro-Israeli rather than pro-Arab; for more foreign aid rather than less, including aid to Poland; he has been careful to contrast his 'understanding' of world affairs with the brinkmanship of Mr Dulles; and, whenever possible, he has seized the chance to set his capacity for firm decision against the indecision of President Eisenhower. But what sort of decision?

Before he is tried in office, no one—not even Mr Nixon, perhaps, can tell to what ends he will work. He is a 'machine man', not a politician with deep conviction or strong affiliations to any factional interest. But while he may be nobody's friend, his lonely career suggests that he may be nobody's stooge.

Comments on the Week's News

New Communist Manifesto

The two declarations in which the Communist Parties of the world have restated their position are an explicit summary of the Krushchev line. The first, signed by the 12 'governing' parties, is designed to give Communists a new 'theoretical' basis for their policy in the age of the sputnik – something that they have lacked in the confusion and factional fighting that followed Stalin's death. It in fact brings together and elaborates several propositions that Krushchev has already advanced: that, for instance, the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' can be achieved in some cases by peaceful parliamentary means; that the socialisation of agriculture can proceed gradually; and that the alliance of the 'Socialist camp' with nationalist and neutralist movements can 'win the struggle for peace'. (This last proposition is spelt out in detail, together with the slogans for a new peace campaign, in the second manifesto, signed by all 64 parties which took part in the Moscow meeting.) To this extent there is little new in the documents: they are a formal endorsement of the policy line for which Krushchev has been working within Russia and within the Communist movement as a whole. There is, however, a significant shift of emphasis which is underlined by the refusal of the Yugoslav delegates to sign the 12-party document. Whereas Krushchev has previously talked a good deal about peaceful competition between Communism and the West, this document is a much more strongly worded attack upon 'the reactionary forces of the capitalist world', and it speaks of the 'competition between two diametrically opposed social systems'. The whole tone of the document, indeed, suggests that the Soviet line has hardened again and that the rivalry – should one now say the hostility? – of the two great power blocs is to be the feature of a new phase of the cold war. It is to this that the Yugoslavs naturally objected, for they have always sought to avoid commitment to either bloc, insisting that 'bloc politics' will only intensify world tension. If they had accepted the 12-party declaration, they would have endorsed both the Warsaw Pact and other features of Soviet policy – for example, the document's insistence that nine 'basic' laws govern the development of Socialist countries – to which they have reasonably objected in the past. The interesting question is why Mr Krushchev believed that he might persuade the Yugoslavs to give up a position that they have taken consistently since Tito and Stalin first fell out. He clearly feels that at last he is speaking from great and increasing strength.

'The Nuclear Pearl Harbour'

Dr Teller's impressive testimony before the Senate Preparedness Sub-committee marks the opening of what might be termed the second phase of American reactions to the sputniks. The attempt to play down the Soviet achievement and to reassure public opinion, characterised by Eisenhower's two radio speeches, has now been virtually abandoned; instead, both Congress and Administration are discussing ways of 'catching up' and how long it will take. In the very near future, three long-term decisions will have to be taken. The first concerns the nature and the timing of the Strategic Air Command's transition from a manned bomber to a ballistic missile force. SAC has not yet reached the planned final stage of manned bomber capacity. Its current strength is 300 B-36 prop-jet medium bombers, 1,500 B-47 medium jet bombers, and 200 B-52 heavy jet bombers. The B-52s, planned to replace the B-47s, are still being delivered at the rate of 17 a month; while SAC will shortly receive the first 30 test prototypes of the supersonic B-58, and the new, longer-range B-52G. Is this programme to be carried through, regardless of the Soviet inter-continental ballistic missile, on the assumption that SAC's bombers will represent an effective deterrent for some years to come? Or does Soviet possession of the ICBM indicate parallel advances in the ground-to-air missile field which would render SAC powerless? The alternative is to switch a major proportion of SAC's limited technical personnel to missile training on the assumption that the Atlas missile will soon be available. This would mean a transition period in which SAC's striking capacity would be at its minimum; and the risk would depend on America's estimate of the imminence of the maximum danger period which will arrive when Soviet ICBMs are available in large quantities. A very similar problem confronts the Administration in the field of nuclear defence. For the past nine years, the US and Canada have been constructing the NORAD (North American Air Defence) project, consisting of the Dewline, Mid-Canada and Pinetree radar systems, two interlocking ocean radar picket-lines on each side of the continent, and a complex of anti-aircraft missile units. It has already cost $18,000 million and is still far from complete; indeed, the 'brain' of the organisation, the so-called SAGE (Semi-automatic Ground Environment) system, which will give central electronic air control of all units, has yet to be installed. But NORAD cannot deal with ballistic missiles flying over its 12-mile radar ceiling. Is the defence effort, then, to be switched immediately to long-range radar screens, or is there to be a 'phasing-in' period whose timing, again, will be determined by fallible estimates of Soviet offensive capacity? Finally, should the Administration, as Dr Teller strongly advised, immediately embark on the nationwide construction of deep nuclear shelters, which would not eliminate 'a terrifying number of casualties' but would at least offer 'a good chance that most of us will survive'?

Trouble in Ifni

Last Saturday, the Moroccan 'Liberation Army', which has so far resisted the government's efforts to incorporate it in the regular forces, invaded the Spanish enclave of Ifni, on the southern Moroccan coast. The Spanish protectorate in Morocco was ended in April, 1956, only a month after the French capitulated to the nationalists. This treaty, however, excluded certain territories: five towns in Northern Morocco, the 750 square mile Ifni area, and the so-called 'Southern Zone', immediately to the south. Spain claims complete sovereignty over these areas, and their status was left to be decided by future negotiations, which have not yet taken place. According to Spain, Morocco made a 'perpetual concession' of Ifni at the Treaty of Tetuan in 1860; but it was not actually occupied until 1934, and local opinion is strongly anti-Spanish. Its value is small, and Spain would no doubt be prepared to evacuate it but for two factors. First, to concede Ifni would open the way to further Moroccan claims – already on record – to the larger territories of the Southern Zone, Spanish Sahara and Rio de Oro, as well as the naval base of Ceuta. Second, Spanish army opinion is strongly against further 'scuttles' in Africa. A negotiated withdrawal is, in the long run, inevitable, but the Spanish believe it can be postponed for some years. The King, they say, will restrain the MLA because he wants to prove to the Americans that Morocco is a safe investment field. There is some truth in this – the MLA characteristically waited until the King had left for Washington before striking – but the rising temper of Moroccan nationalism suggests that a showdown will come long before the Spanish think, or hope.

Holding the Line

The concession won by the Co-operative employees may be the only pay claim this winter to succeed by normal negotiation; it is certainly a special case which has little bearing on the situation in the transport and engineering industries. This is where deadlock will be reached, because the claim of the London busmen has been flatly rejected by the London Transport Executive, the railwaymen have been told in advance that the government is against their claim, and the engineering employers have told the unions that the proposal to introduce a 40-hour week is unacceptable. The London busmen's claim raises peculiar difficulties. It arises from their desire to maintain the difference between their basic pay and that of provincial bus crews, narrowed by the settlement after the provincial bus strike this year. They decided to press this claim against the advice of Mr Cousins, and its rejection has placed the leadership of the Transport and General Workers' Union in a serious dilemma. If the decision of the LTE is accepted, there could easily be a big unofficial strike which might gravely weaken the position Mr Cousins has carefully built up in his own union. If, however, Mr Cousins feels that he is obliged to fight back, he will be forced to argue a case which he did not originally approve and which may look much weaker to the public than, for instance, the demands of the railwaymen. This is not very good ground for the first challenge from the unions to the government's new tough policy, and Lord Hailsham must be feeling quite pleased at this unexpected chance to isolate Mr Cousins – especially as some of the TUC leaders are talking in more peaceful terms than they did at Blackpool. The death of Mr Campbell means that the railway claim, like that of the engineers, is unlikely to come to an issue until the first months of next year. Nothing would suit the government and employers better than to take these disputes one after another, rather than face a showdown in several industries – and in some important sections of the public service – at the same time.

How Many Doctors?

The Willink Committee, which has been considering the probable demand for doctors in the next ten years, has concluded that the present output of the medical schools is about adequate for present needs, that there should be some reduction in the number of doctors trained after

1961, and then a slight increase after 1970. It has, however, reached these conclusions on the assumption that there will be no great change in medical techniques, in the general standard of health, and above all in the organisation of the Health Service. As actuary's arithmetic, such conclusions may be justified. But, in social terms, they seem most unwise. There has been a steady increase in the number of doctors all through this century, and in every country. Why, apart from the desire of the medical profession to control supply of doctors, should it now be assumed that a proper balance between supply and demand has just been struck and that the time has come to impose a numerical limit? In any case, the proportion of patients to doctors is still higher in this country than it is, for instance, in the US, Germany and the USSR. There are, moreover, a great many areas in which an expansion of health facilities is required. If the maldistribution of general practitioners is to be redressed, and if the size of each doctor's list is to be further reduced, more doctors will be required in general practice; if, at last, we should begin a substantial hospital building programme, there would be an increased demand for hospital staff; and adequate provision for mental illness, both in hospitals and for out-patients, would make a call on the medical profession that it cannot at present answer. There is, finally, the need for occupational health services. Each of these desirable projects now hangs fire for lack of money and official support. The same bureaucratic approach that leaves such problems on the file is responsible for the conclusion that we have enough doctors.

The Nash Terraces

How lucky it was for London that Nash and 'Prinny' were alive at the same time! The Regent's extravagance and indigestible demand for magnificence coincided with Nash's daring spirit and produced the most exciting town planning ever carried out in London. The Nash terraces in Regents Park, large-scale as they seem to our dwarfed conceptions, were only part of the grand development which led from the old Marylebone Park by Regents Street to Carlton House and St James's Park. So much of the best Georgian building in London has gone that the future of the 374 terrace houses round Regents Park has caused much concern. The Home Secretary seemed surprised at how much public anxiety was expressed before the Crown Commissioners' report was published. Perhaps the anxiety indicated an understandable state of mind today that expects the splendid and the beautiful to be destroyed. Besides, when 50 of these houses and several mews flats have been empty for years, and the house-hunter is told that they cannot be let because of their uncertain future, the worst seems imminent. There will now be general relief that the worst is not to happen. When Lord Attlee was Prime Minister he set up the Gorell Committee to examine the terraces. Since 1947 their report has been gathering dust, while the damp and dry rot have spread in the houses. The scheme which Mr de Soissons prepared then for the reconstruction and conversion to flats would have cost over £4 million. Experts now mention double that figure. It is much easier to decide to preserve the terraces than to know how best to use them. London University has dallied for about two years with the offer of the most exciting, Cumberland Terrace, for a students hostel, and has refused it. University students are not the only young people in need of hostel accommodation, and it might be that some responsible organisation would gladly use these terraces, which the Ministry of Works has left with lateral connections, central heating and a canteen. Some people think the rents for flats in this unique setting should be as high as the market will stand. But it was certainly the view of the Gorell Committee that living in Regents Park should not be limited to any one income group. This is a place for prams and tricycles rather than Rolls-Royces.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

The Battle of Words

Our Paris Correspondent writes: If, in conversation with Algerians, you criticise the intransigence of the FLN, they usually reply: 'On a purely juridical basis, the French have a cast-iron case. The least semantic slip on our part, and they'll transform it, with their Cartesian logic, into a treaty which gives them everything. That is why we must never demand anything less than independence. Once this is conceded, there can be no further ambiguity'. This week, however, there was a significant change of tone. After their meeting in Rabat, Bourguiba and King Mohammed V sent an offer of mediation to the French government and the FLN asking them 'to meet and draw up a peace agreement which will guarantee the legitimate interests of France and the right of the Algerian people to their sovereignty'. To the FLN, 'sovereignty' is a subversive word. This is precisely the war of formulas which the Algerians fear. Morocco and Tunisia were 'sovereign states' under the French protectorates, but this never prevented French governor-generals from doing what they pleased, including deporting Bourguiba and Mohammed V. The offer of mediation on a basis of 'sovereignty' signifies, therefore, that all the French government has to do to make negotiation possible is to drop the phrase 'Algeria is French'. A few hours after its publication, the FLN headquarters in Rabat issued a communiqué which deplored the omission of the word 'independence', but which accepted the offer nevertheless and thus admitted the notion of 'sovereignty' into its vocabulary.

For the first time for many months, therefore, a gleam of hope appeared. Alas, M. Pineau immediately countered with a statement which seems to indicate that France has lost a great deal of her juridical subtlety. The offer, he said, was impossible: 'It is too unprecise'. But there used to be a phrase, *L'impossible n'est pas francais*, and there is some evidence – M. Gaillard's speech on Wednesday seems to underline it – that Pineau has gone too far and too fast. First, at Strasbourg, the Radical Party Congress, by a majority of 648 to 472, urged M. Gaillard to accept the joint offer. Admittedly, from a parliamentary point of view, this sharp defeat for the government changes nothing, for most of the Radical deputies are anti-Mendèsists, and there is no voting discipline in the party. Even so, the Strasbourg resolution is important in that it indicates the evolution of an influential section of French public opinion.

Far more important is the pressure of international events. It is becoming increasingly difficult for France to 'go it alone' in Algeria. Macmillan's visit to Paris brought small comfort to the government. Everyone knows here that the British Premier is very favourably disposed towards the mediation offer, and that, politely and discreetly, he made this clear to M. Gaillard. Britain, along with the United States, has agreed to back France in this week's UN debate on Algeria; but neither Mr Dulles, in his talks with M. Pineau, nor Macmillan made any apology for sending arms to Tunis, nor did they withdraw their criticisms of the policy of 'pacification'. The Anglo-Americans denied any suggestion that they were anxious to set up an 'upper tier' in Nato, but they equally made it clear that France could not expect to play her full role in the organisation so long as most of her troops and resources were committed in Algeria. As for the famous business of the 'Anglo-Saxon grab for the Sahara oil reserves', this was not even on the agenda for serious discussion. The government has allowed the accusation to be made simply to divert public opinion.

The fact is, despite the squirmings of the French government, and, in all probability, a negative vote at the UN, the Algerian war has already become an international problem. Neither King Mohammed V nor his American hosts will have any scruple about discussing it in Washington, and it is already clear that America is going to put pressure on France to accept the mediation offer. Against this background, therefore, the Assembly debate on the revised 'framework-law', which opened here on Tuesday, has an air of complete unreality. The first clause reaffirms, with dogged obstinacy, that 'Algeria is an integral part of French territory'. *Entiers et contre tous* – the phrase is M. Soustelle's – the French deputies still cling to a project which is completely impracticable. But M. Gaillard – and he is an intelligent man – said explicitly at Strasbourg that, even if this policy made no sense, he could not change it for another, because it was the only one acceptable to the only possible Assembly majority – the present one. This majority, he added, might change its views in time; patience, therefore, was the order of the day. But even his own party was not convinced by this logic.

Wellington

A Chance for Labour

A Correspondent writes: 'Put up or shut up' is the Labour Party's challenge to the National government in the current New Zealand election campaign, and extremely effective it is proving to be. The political cynicism of the New Zealand electorate is in many respects comparable to that which we are told here exists in Great Britain, but it lacks the leavening factor of fear of imminent economic disaster. New Zealanders are fond of saying that there is not much difference between the two parties anyway. The cost of living is, of course, creeping up and the credit squeeze has reduced the amount of available overtime and the number of employment vacancies without, however, substantially affecting living standards. Foreign policy arouses little interest.

However, the National government's end-of-term legislation for the introduction of PAYE next April has presented Labour with a glittering lure for voters. Under the present system of taxation, New Zealanders pay their income taxes one year in arrears. Both parties have agreed to a complete remission of the current year's taxes, which would normally fall due in February, 1959. The National Party proposes, further, a rebate of 25 per cent. on taxes due to be paid next Febru-

ary on last year's earnings. Labour promises instead a flat remission of £100, in effect an entire year's tax remission for the great majority of wage and salary earners. There is thus a considerable and, even more important, an immediately apparent cash incentive for hitherto undecided voters to choose Labour.

Moreover, the National Party must face an adverse undercurrent which three years ago reduced its Parliamentary majority from 20 to ten. The present position of the parties in the House is 45 to 35, with several National seats held by margins ranging from a few hundred votes to as few as eight. Sir Sidney Holland's retirement from the prime ministership on grounds of ill health has undoubtedly appeased a growing number of critics among his party's most influential backers, and the National electoral machine under Prime Minister K. J. Holyoake is in reasonably good trim. But Mr. Nash, at 76, appears younger and more vigorous than he was three years ago and the fresh air of confidence in Labour circles is matched by a noticeable sag in Conservative morale. The present elections may herald the first Labour government in an English-speaking Dominion since 1949.

Westminster

My Word!

When right-wing students in France shout 'Macmillan to the gallows', as they did this week, nobody treats this as a precise declaration of policy. But hitherto I have taken ministerial statements in the House of Commons to mean what they say. Monday's debate on the Rhodesia and Nyasaland Constitution showed how naive this was. Four years ago, when Central African Federation was being established, the Labour Party was afraid that if Africans happened to be elected to the federal Assembly on the common roll of both Africans and Europeans, the Europeans would try to cut down the number of African representatives elected to the Assembly on the communal roll of Africans only. In the debate, Mr James Griffiths put these fears to the government. At once, Mr Henry Hopkinson, who was then Minister of State for Colonial Affairs, jumped up to say: 'Is the right honourable gentleman not aware that that is just the sort of thing that the African Affairs Board exists to stop and can stop?'

This week these words were put to the test. The African Affairs Board, for the first time in its existence, had declared that a constitutional measure passed by the Federal Assembly did discriminate against the Africans. So the board, as it is entitled to, referred the measure to the government in London. But the government rejected its representations and asked the House of Commons to approve the bill. Mr James Callaghan, leading for the opposition, proceeded to take the government apart. He has a particularly effective parliamentary manner. He is always at ease, always in complete command of the facts he wants to present, he usually looks pleasant but can at times be coldly, bitingly sharp. His performance this day was all the more cutting, because he used no gestures and rarely raised his voice. His words dropped from him like water from an icicle. There, he said, was Hopkinson's pledge. Here was exactly the occasion when, according to Hopkinson, the African Affairs Board could and would protect the Africans. Yet the government had ignored the pledge. It was no wonder that newspapers, church organisations and a host of non-party bodies had said that Britain's good faith was at stake. What was the answer of the government? Mr C. J. M. Alport, the Under-Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, brushed off the pledge by saying that Hopkinson was 'making a quick intervention in answer to a point that had been made'. So the most specific government pledge becomes of no more importance than a Paris street cry.

This is perhaps one of the reasons why Parliament recently has seemed so flat, why, increasingly, people outside refer contemptuously to the House of Commons as the 'talking shop'. But there are others, too, which were illustrated in the African debate. While the government makes pledges only to break them, the opposition, in muted caution, tries to avoid making any pledges at all. It comes near to asking for a blank cheque with the result that the ordinary elector knows little about the Labour Party policy except that it is anti-Tory. Callaghan explicitly recognised that it was not enough for the opposition to oppose. 'We have been challenged to say what our policy is on this matter,' he said. He proceeded to give it in these words:

> Quite simply, we recognise the great value which the European has brought to these territories. We recognise the economic advancement that has taken place. We also recognise that no minority group can for ever pretend to govern these territories to the exclusion of the millions of inhabitants there. I believe and still hope that it will be possible for us to work out a solution under which the economic benefits of the Federation will be united with the political advancement of the African peoples.

These words constitute not a policy but a sedative which could equally well have been administered by Mr Lennox-Boyd. The only statements of intention which an African could understand came from the back benches. According to Mrs Barbara Castle, Labour's goal is that Africans shall have 'ultimate full political equality with the Europeans' and that there shall be 'full democratic rights for all citizens without qualification'. On the other side of the House, Major Patrick Wall said, 'I certainly do not believe that universal adult suffrage is likely to be applied in the Federation for a very long time . . . African opinion is nowhere near approaching competence to judge on complicated subjects like this'. I think that an African reading these two excerpts would say that the Socialist believes that Africa must eventually be African and that the Conservative does not; and he would know where he was with these two. But he would not know where he was with the two front benches. The present government may sink deeper and deeper into the mire, but nobody will benefit if the opposition, by its own evasions, begins to sink too.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Betrayal in Central Africa

In presenting its case last Monday on the Central Africa Amendment Bill the government made two claims – the first dangerous, the second hypocritical. Mr Alport made the astonishing statement that, while the African Affairs Board must refer to the Secretary of State any leglislation which appears to be differentiating, 'that does not mean that he must declare unconstitutional any legislation that is called differentiating'. In short – and this point was further developed by Conservatives during the debate – the British government may approve of discrimination within the Federation on the paternalistic plea that it knows best what is good for the African.

Having exposed this line of thought, government spokesmen then tried to prove that the measures now being taken increase rather than weaken African political influence. They based their case on one fact alone: that many Africans will be given the vote for the first time. This undisputed fact is held to counterbalance the policy of introducing Europeans into the list of voters who will elect the new African members. Under the bill, together with the accompanying franchise provisions, 44 out of a House of 59 members, will be elected by an almost completely European electorate; nine (eight Africans and one European) by a mixed electorate, with Europeans certainly dominant in most of the seats; while four Africans will be indirectly elected by purely African bodies. The remaining two Europeans will continue to be nominated.

The six additional African members in the expanded House will be elected jointly by two new qualified rolls. As Europeans will completely dominate the highly qualified roll, and certainly have a substantial voice on the lower one, these new African members will have to appeal largely to European opinion. Even more dangerous, whenever an African is elected among the 44 ordinary members, one of the special African seats will be abolished. Thus in the new House, Europeans will control 49 out of the 59 seats and have a considerable influence in the election of another four; while Africans will be left with four genuine representatives and two nominated protectors, all of whom can be removed in the future.

It is hardly surprising that the African Affairs Board considered that these proposals warranted reference to the Secretary of State. If this is the interpretation which federal leaders place on the policy of partnership it is no wonder that they have made no headway in attracting African support for federation. Yet the case of the British government throughout the argument on federation has been that it provides an opportunity for inter-racial understanding in a multi-racial structure. Mr Oliver Lyttelton, when Colonial Secretary, always maintained that the African Affairs Board gave an assured protection to the rights of the Africans. Yet on the very first occasion that the Board has declared a measure to be racially discriminatory, the British government pushes aside its judgment and contemptuously describes its action as purely technical.

Two faintly hopeful signs could be seen in Monday's debate. The final barrier to permanent white domination in Central Africa is contained in the preamble to the Federal Act itself, which guarantees continued protection and separate government for Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland 'for as long as their respective peoples so

NEXT WEEK

Christmas Books—2

Another enlarged issue, containing reviews of many more of the season's outstanding books

desire' and enables full membership of the Commonwealth to be attained by the Federation 'when those inhabitants so desire'. The reaffirmation of this pledge by Mr Lennox-Boyd is welcome; but it remains an unprecise commitment until the method of ascertaining the desire of the inhabitants is established, and parliament must be vigilant to ensure that it is kept. Secondly, it is a good sign that this debate produced none of the former abstentions or pro-Federation speeches from the Labour benches. Even here, however, approval must be qualified: Mr Callaghan made an admirably firm attack on the government and was uncompromising in rejecting the Welensky-Lennox-Boyd 'convention'. This was excellent as far as it went. But even the Labour Party seems reluctant to assume an unequivocal commitment on the methods that are to be used in ascertaining African opinion: indeed the closing paragraphs of Mr Callaghan's speech, which purported to outline Labour's policy, were vague to the point of being meaningless. The crucial commitment which African opinion expects of Labour is that there shall be no Dominion status until such time as the majority of *all* the Federation's inhabitants have expressed their desire for it; and we should like to hear an official Labour spokesman accept this commitment in terms.

All arguments on federation have to be seen in the perspective of the kind of society we are trying to create in Central Africa and in other similar plural societies. The Colonial Secretary may think that this kind of constitution must depend 'on the spirit in which it is worked'. This is precisely the answer which was given to W. P. Schreiner and his liberal South African colleagues when they protested against the South Africa Act in 1909. The real issue of our protectorate responsibility is not simply the spirit in which the present inhabitants of the Federation use the constitutional instruments we provide, but whether these instruments can be abused by the present or future generations.

Everybody wants to see communal rolls and elections replaced by a non-racial political outlook. Yet we are entitled to ask what is the alternative to communalism. If it is to be a European electorate with a handful of Africans thrown in as a blind, then we are damning the common roll in African eyes. If African economic advancement, on which the African vote is to depend, has to rely on Europeans who are already widely opposed to the training of Africans in skilled crafts, the Africans are right to be cynical. If the constitution makes specific provision for Europeans to remove all members from direct African control whilst leaving the vast majority of members directly responsible to the Europeans, it is rightly described as discriminatory.

Britain is still the protecting power in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Instead of thanking the Federal government for allowing Africans in these territories to vote for the first time, it is surely our immediate duty to give them the franchise in their own countries. In place of smug praise for Federal economic progress, we should be raising the economic life of those under our direct protection. Here is Labour's next task, and on it will depend not only African participation in the constitutional discussions of 1960, but the last hope of racial peace throughout Central Africa.

The Challenge in Malaya

THE Malayan Communist leader is showing eagerness to bring his bands out of the jungle. When the government of Malaya sends representatives to talk with him, Chin Peng may even swallow his pride and accept the humiliation of 'renouncing Communism' in order to get his followers back into the towns and villages where—if they are left at liberty—they will sooner or later try to organise trade union cells and to indoctrinate the already unruly students in the Chinese secondary schools of Malaya. Yet it would be deceptively easy to exaggerate the threat of creeping Communism represented by returning rebels or indoctrinated Chinese schoolboys. The failure of the insurrection in Malaya has been plain for all to see. The majority of the people, including the Malays and Indians (60 per cent. of the population), and many even of the Chinese, will not easily follow a discredited leadership. Far greater is the danger represented by Chinese-led Communism to the racial unity of the new nation. Every time a band of Chinese schoolboys defies the law or a Chinese trade-union leader is arrested with a bundle of Peking documents in his pockets, racial fear and resentment is awakened even among tolerant, liberal-minded Malays.

The attainment of Malayan independence has launched an experiment unique in history. Never before has a nation been created out of two races almost equal in numbers and not compatible either in temperament or aspirations. The Chinese of Malaya – still largely without political rights – are everywhere the dominant race economically. The Malays – poor peasants and fishermen, with a small élite – are 85 per cent. of the electorate and hold the key government posts.

The events of the past ten years – beginning with the largely Chinese rebellion of the Malayan Communists and culminating in an independence constitution favouring the Malays – have made people see the Chinese as the potential disrupters of Malaya, the dissatisfied element which could precipitate racial conflict. But it is not—despite the irreconcilability of students—the two and a quarter million Chinese who are the long-term problem of Malaya. It is the socially and economically backward three million Malays. Most of the Chinese, industrious and resourceful, are so confident of playing their part in, and reaping gains from, future economic expansion, that Communism is unlikely to attract their allegiance; and present obstacles to getting the franchise hardly trouble them. In any case they have secured one all-important concession: the independence constitution, by conferring full citizenship on everyone born henceforth in Malaya, makes it only a matter of time—a couple of decades perhaps—before the more rapidly multiplying Chinese are the majority even of the electorate. Meanwhile they are content to wait, and prosper.

It is quite otherwise with the Malays. Paradoxically, although they are the 'have' race in the matter of political power at present (on top of everything else they compose 90 per cent. of the police and seven-eighths of the Federation Army) their leaders and their intelligentsia are conscious of being 'up against it' in a way that was not the case during British rule. The reason is that, left without protectors in face of the vigorous Chinese, the mass of the Malays – incapable as they still are of organising, planning or accumulating money – are going to be totally eclipsed in their own country before the end of this century unless they achieve a real awakening. This awakening is the task before the Alliance government under Tungku Abdul Rahman. It is, of course, part of a wider task – that of developing a still largely virgin country and of ensuring good government and a juster distribution of wealth in all communities. But the Tungku and his colleagues, in their economic and social planning, must always have one eye on the Malay villages.

A village in the state of Kedah that I visited recently was typical of conditions in the so-called 'Malay' fishing industry. Here the Malay fishermen from a diesel-engined launch were coming ashore after a day's deep-sea fishing. One of them told me that he and his friends owned neither the boat nor the nets but that the Chinese owner gave them half the proceeds of the catch (though they had no means of checking on the price he obtained). I asked whether they weren't short of money in the long off-season. 'The *towkay* lends us money,' he answered, 'all we have to do is some repairing of the nets and pay him back, without interest, when the fishing season comes round.' They were, in fact, labourers in perpetual debt to their employers. The trouble is that even in the 'rice-bowls' of Malaya – the padi-growing areas – where the Malay peasants hold land, their indebtedness to Chinese merchants is continuous. The government provided about £750,000 of alternative credit for padi farmers in 1955, and, encouragingly, the number of credit societies in north Malaya has doubled since then. These rural societies finance the cost of casual labour, seed and draft-animals during the planting season; but there are many ways of getting into debt and, in any case, the 1955 subvention has touched only the fringe of the problem in a limited area.

On the whole, however, it is not the Malay peasants who chafe under their dependence on middlemen and merchants. The fishermen in Kedah with whom I spoke were, if anything, grateful to their *towkay*. It's the young Malay intellectuals who resent the subjugation of their people; and it is they who, in the long run, will determine whether Malay discontents are directed to awakening and educating the Malay masses or to turning them against the Chinese.

The five-year plan of the Alliance government contains constructive schemes for the Malay villages. Besides considerable sums for continuing the invaluable irrigation projects (the little-advertised but spectacular work of British engineers) there is about half a million pounds for fishing co-operatives on the east coast. The new rural credit societies are being organised on a regional basis under a central or 'apex' bank, on similar lines to earlier experiments in the Punjab. There is a small co-operative college (encouragingly it has more applications than vacancies, mostly from the Malay rural credit societies of the north), and a business-training school for village people at Petaling Jaya. The nucleus of a network of rural health centres is established in Kedah. With WHO, Unicef and Colonial Development Fund help, a model clinic and training-school for sanitary overseers, nurses and midwives has been set up. A Land Development Authority with a capital of £1m. has been launched to finance the opening up of new land, a vital necessity in the Kedah rice bowl, where over-population has reduced many Malay cultivators to an acre apiece.

But there is a good deal of criticism from young Malays – and others too – of the present tempo and scale of the effort to transform the rural society of Malaya. The Land Development Authority, it is said, moves far too slowly. With only a single rural health school, it will take 20 years to staff clinics for the villages, and by that time the multiplying population will

have created the problem all over again. 'Can you show me a single sector in which more than five per cent headway has been made over the past eight years?', a young Malay intellectual asked me. This was symptomatic of the temper of educated young Malays today. None of them would deny that the Malayan government, in its social policies, is confronted by a shortage of skilled personnel which is greatly aggravated by the departure of British administrators and technicians. But many of them would like to see more drive and improvisation in the countryside – by the setting up of more local training-centres. They realise that standards of education in the village schools are altogether too low and that the village schoolmaster, or *guru*, with his traditionalist attitudes, is at the root of much of the Malay failure to progress.

Tungku Abdul Rahman and his colleagues realise very clearly the long-term gravity of the Malays' position. Fortunately, neither he nor they show signs of leaning towards bitterly racialist or anti-Chinese discriminatory policies in the economic field. Nor does the leader of the Malay opposition party, Ahmad Bustamam, who has lately formed an alliance with the Labour Party. But there has been talk among Malay ministers of opening the gates to large-scale Indonesian immigration; and there is little doubt that racial extremism will gain ground steadily among the Malays unless economic equality can be brought about by moderate and constructive means.

DERRICK SINGTON

Jerusalem Diary

EVERY newcomer to Israel, whence I have just returned from a first visit, must be stimulated from the instant of arrival by the sense of purpose and faith with which the whole nation pulsates. I have experienced nothing like it – unless, perhaps, in Warsaw immediately after the war, when every man, woman and child combined to clear and rebuild their ruined capital. Here, too, of course, the emphasis is on building: building a nation at a tearing pace, but according to plan. If one had to find a single image to symbolise visually this immense, courageous effort I would choose the very biblical word 'rock' – rock being wrenched and bulldozed out of hillsides to make fields for planting; rock being heaped into orderly terraces for soil conservation and more planting; rock being dressed and laid, course after course, to raise new houses and still more houses, everywhere, in towns and countryside. A lovely rock, too, of warm golden tones always changing with the light. The Israeli landscape, desert in the south, bony and masculine in the Judean hills, softer and very lovely around Galilee, quickly captivates the visitor.

* * *

Not that everything is beautiful. The new villages springing up all over the country are frankly a shock to sensitive eyes. One has to remind oneself that the old Arab hamlets, growing naturally out of the landscape like artless examples of Frank Lloyd Wright's 'organic architecture', are insanitary dustbins of dwellings compared with these stark but well-equipped new settlements. But why not, at least, a few more trees? Everyone is too busy building, making *other* things blossom, they will tell you, to have time to spare for extras: beauty must wait. And trees, even in Israeli soil, admittedly take longer to grow than houses. All the same, in a country in which in the past few years tens of thousands of acres of forest have been planted and mile upon mile of roads have been lined with trees, surely some moments could also be spared to plant a few trees – if not for their looks then at least for their shade – in these new villages, which must be pitiless under the full summer sun? One seems to detect here and there a deliberate, almost a defiant, austerity, as if it were a virtue in its own right. This, if true, is quite understandable – one might even say laudable: to-day, the first duty is to ensure that the state survives. There will be time for attitudes to mellow when conditions are less hard and less threatening.

* * *

A great deal of the building and town planning is of high quality. Beersheba and Ashkelon, for example, are being developed on the neighbourhood-unit method with a careful eye to social amenities. Israeli architecture shows a firm mastery of the functional style, and there are some really fine public buildings to be seen, notably the newly opened concert hall at Tel Aviv, the central building and dormitory blocks of the Technion at Haifa, and the buildings now springing up round the campus of the new Hebrew University site in Jerusalem. The landscaping here has been entrusted to an American, Mr Halperin; all the other architects are Israeli. Professor Ratner, the architect, the civic engineer, and the district commissioner of Haifa, strike one as a trio keenly aware of their responsibility to preserve and improve the appearance of this superbly situated city. Haifa, by the way, is about to boast an underground funicular (carried out by French contractors) connecting Carmel with the water-front.

* * *

My visit to the Old City of Jerusalem was shorter by some hours than I intended, owing to Arab reluctance to pass me through the frontier, contaminated as I was with Israeli dust on my shoes. Then, when Amman relented, it omitted to tell the frontier guard! This was common form: many visitors are refused altogether (MPs seem to get through regardless) – poor Philip James, for instance, whose innocent mission to Israel to collect paintings for an exhibition in London disqualified him in Jordanian eyes from admittance to their country. The Old City itself is every bit as memorable in its way as the Holy Places: the long, barrel-arched arcades built by the Crusaders with truly massive solidity must be one of the most remarkable intact medieval structures outside Europe. In the Church of Gethsemane I was presented with an olive-leaf packaged between covers by a pleasant young American friar from Rhode Island who by his manner might have been an automobile salesman. Happily he appeared not to be trying to sell anything, not even religion: this was just Rotarianism in Franciscan habit. Arab salesmen, on the other hand, spring from behind pillars or unsuspected holes in the ground in the holiest of places. My Arab guide preferred all-round information. As we proceeded down the Via Dolorosa he interrupted his reverent discourse on the Stations of the Cross to announce briskly: 'On right is Ottoman Bank, very fine biss-ness'.

* * *

Sitting in his garden in the lovely grounds of the Weizmann Institute at Rehovoth, Meyer Weisgal and his colleagues and I compared notes on their plans for their tenth anniversary festival next year. Still in pain from a recent operation and conducting the proceedings in his dressing gown, Weisgal was in as ebullient, wise-cracking form as ever. If he and his team don't make a success of next year's programme it won't be for lack of enthusiasm and drive. They have their problems, some of them curiously parallel with our own when planning the Festival of Britain – including persistent party-political opposition! Like the 1951 affair here, it is intended that their Festival shall be spread over the whole country, with as many local communities as possible encouraged to take part and to mark the year by some modest addition to their 'amenities'. I thought again of those shadeless villages: why not use the occasion to beautify them with some tree-planting and perhaps some gardens? But the really important thing, it seems to me, is to rope in as many young people of the student class to visit Israel in festival year. Israel is pre-eminently a land of youth – 34 per cent. of its population is under the age of 14! Bring in the young somehow – anyhow; let them live rough and travel light; billet them in camps or on the *kibbutzim* or with private families, and show them what young Israel is up to!

* * *

The Dead Sea I was prepared for: Holman Hunt didn't pursue his pious accuracy for nothing. But for those who find desert landscape stimulating, the lower Negev with its tortured geological conformations has a unique beauty – here and there reminiscent of the *mesas* of New Mexico. Here the young and adventurous are moving in to plumb its still largely unproven potentialities. And not for industrial riches only: Eilath, set against the aquamarine Gulf of Aqaba and the roseate mountains of Moab, is an unexpected beauty spot, mushrooming on account of its copper and other minerals but also as a tourist resort, with King Solomon's mines and skin-diving among coral beds as two of its attractions. New quays, two kilometres long, are scheduled for construction, and a smart new hotel on the water's edge is about to open. Here I met a young man about to set off on an extensive visit to Europe and the US to bone-up on the gimmicks of tourism. He foresees a fortune in Eilath and is clearly determined to stake a claim. His slogan: 'The only resort in the world with 12 months of sunshine'.

* * *

What a remarkable man is Dr Yadin, chief of staff of the Army in the war of liberation, the man who secured, with his father, many of the Dead Sea Scrolls for Israel, and now Professor of Archæology at the Hebrew University. Intensely alert yet giving the appearance of being completely relaxed, he has a uniquely lucid gift for making a specialist subject intelligible to the ignoramus. I was fortunate to find him enjoying a brief break on the shores of the Mediterranean after his summer spell as boss of the spectacular excavations at Hatzar, which bid fair to become one of the new-old wonders of the world. On a site reminiscent in shape and situation of Maiden Castle but ten times as large, he has already unearthed 12 successive layers of settlements, the most important of which will probably fix for ever the long-disputed date of the Exodus and of Joshua's conquest of Canaan. Archæology is currently almost a national pastime in Israel – hardly surprising, perhaps, among a people who almost literally turn up a potsherd or a coin every time they shuffle through the sand dunes to the sea.

* * *

One has to be prepared, of course, for some religious restrictions on one's choice of menu in hotels, but the strictest taboo I heard of – I hope it is true – had nothing to do with food. A certain

rabbi is reported to have declined the offer of a microphone to assist his ministrations in his synagogue on the ground that the rabbinical breath agitating the diaphragm of the mike would involve Sabbatical 'work'. How otherwise is the attitude of the Muezzin at the big mosque in Jerusalem! He has saved himself the labour of mounting his minaret, by installing a loudspeaker at its summit connected with a microphone at the base. His strangulated cries in the dawn thus awaken not only the faithful but the entire neighbourhood. The logical next step would seem to be a tape-recorder with a time-switch.

GERALD BARRY

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Coulter coshed him three times more and said to Broom: 'Here, you have a bash'. Broom said: 'I might as well get some practice', and coshed him three times. Then they put the Union Jack over his head.—*Daily Mail.* (Mary Wood.)

Mr Krushchev has been sneering at the British lion. His education in history appears to have been neglected.

Napoleon called us a nation of shopkeepers. The Kaiser referred to the contemptible British Army. Mussolini said the British lion had no teeth. Hitler called us a decadent nation.

Will they never learn?—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.* (Nicholas Hoover.)

Prince Philip by his own relaxed manner has in the past ten years broken down many outdated forms of behaviour.

For example, he once borrowed a comb from a Member of Parliament during an official visit to a cathedral city when the wind dishevelled his hair. —*Daily Mail.* (P. Stammer.)

Deux Cocktails du Bellay

Heureux qui, comme le capitaine Ulysse,
Visits New York, then Paris, and – of course –
Has arms for Tunis in his Wooden Horse:
Our treacherous friend of the Port Said Police!
How can our *mission civilisatrice*
(If arms roll in from any other source)
Flatten Algeria and hope to force
Tunisia to a Carthaginian Peace?
The franc goes phut, the premiers tumble fast,
We nail our colours to a falling mast
And hide our shame behind a fierce façade.
A German general commands in war,
Our Cæsar is a Gaillard – nothing more –
Our Pompey is a pantomime Poujade.

We hate Bourguiba, author of the Plot;
We hate John Foster Dulles and, indeed,
We hate *surtout cet Albion perfide*
(Although, perhaps, Macmillan is a Scot);
We hate the Labour Party, which has got
A Suez-proof, pig-headed sort of creed;
Nous haïssons les Russes, we're all agreed;
We hate the Germans, too – the whole dam' lot.
We hate – to cut it short – in every land
Just everybody. On the other hand,
We hate the other parties in our own.
But in my party I have rivals, too:
I hate your guts, Monsieur – and you – and *you,*
And hate myself, now I am left alone.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Missing!

'THE arrival of the NEW STATESMAN bearing today's date prompts me to let you know how highly I value it', writes a New York reader: 'I'm really sorry I missed it for years'.

How many other people are *still* missing the NEW STATESMAN—people who would enjoy it but lack an introduction? At home and abroad many thousands probably. Almost certainly you know some yourself. Then why not make the introduction for them? Christmas provides just the right sort of occasion.

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Behind the Sputnik

LAST autumn this journal published a survey of science education in Britain, the United States, and the Soviet Union under the title *New Minds for the New World*. Amongst those in the educational world capable of being shaken out of their normal arrogance and complacency, it caused quite a stir.

The survey advanced four main propositions. First, that Soviet education is turning out more applied scientists than the United States and western Europe put together. Secondly, that, contrary to widespread illusion, there is far less specialisation in Soviet schools than elsewhere. Thirdly, because of the character of Soviet curricula, that the brighter brains in the USSR naturally gravitate towards science. And fourthly, that the Soviets gain substantially from sex equality in the sense of normally expecting girls to be educated as long and intensively as boys. The key sentence in the whole article was 'everyone [in the USSR] has to be taught the principles of natural science. . . '.

Since *New Minds* was written, the Soviet system has shown some startling results to the world, though those who read and believed the survey will not have been caught unawares. However, it is perhaps worth while recalling the salient facts and taking another look at the base, rather than the apex, of Soviet education.

One must, of course, begin with a *caveat*. The vastness and variety of the 15 republics of the USSR ought always to make us wary of generalising. Too many writers, though as ignorant of Uzbekistan as of the other side of the moon, still remain undeterred in this respect. In this article I am writing about Russia—to be precise, about the Russian Soviet Federative Socialist Republic. The information is based upon brief, but intensive, observation of schools in Moscow and Leningrad and a long interview with Madame Dubrovna, the Republic's Deputy Minister of Education. Though the picture's edges are blurred, the main trends in a Soviet Republic containing 113 million citizens, including 16½ million schoolchildren, are discernible.

Currently the principal aim of Soviet education policy is to make the ten-year school universal. While the statutory school period remains from seven to 14, the Russians claim that in all big, and most small towns in their republic about four-fifths of the children stay at school till they are 17. Moreover, half those who leave at 14 years of age are said to transfer to the special technical schools providing four-year courses. According to Madame Dubrovna, only one-tenth of the urban children are actually early leavers.

In the villages, it is admitted, the ten-year school plan is far from being realised yet. However, official statistics show that about half the rural children are now taking an extra voluntary year at school, and another tenth are moving on to technical or factory schools, continuing their education for several years. Even when the facilities are obviously available, which clearly they are not at present, it will be much harder to persuade the village parents and children to undertake the additional three-year course. Nevertheless, the Ministry of Education is pressing ahead for universal provision by 1960, and its spokesmen speak confidently of their powers to persuade and cajole the villagers to make it a universal achievement.

In Russia the bulge in the school population is only just starting. Now in the secondary stage of education are the children of the years of low birth rate in the middle of the Second World War. The primary classes, said to be of an *average* size of 40 pupils, have begun to enlarge, but it will naturally be some years before increasing population becomes a problem in secondary education, coinciding with the attempt to retain all teen-agers at school till 17. At present secondary classes in the RSFSR average 35 children. Apparently, the number of student-teachers has increased rapidly in the last few years, but the Russians are now seizing the opportunity of comparatively small numbers in the top classes to extend the training course for secondary teachers from four to five years. This measure has just been introduced, and it means that, whereas in 1956 the output of high college teachers was 24,900, it will fall this year to 9,600.

Plans to extend the period of teacher training are far more ambitious than current attempts to reduce the size of classes. Prospective primary teachers, who must have completed the ten-year course, undergo two years' training at the 'middle colleges'; but these colleges are regarded as obsolescent. It is the master-plan's aim to give all teachers a five-year course and thereby, probably, eliminate the substantial pay differential between primary and secondary teachers today. The achievement of this plan, together with new school building (the RSFSR built 1,180 new schools for 308,500 children in 1956-7), will involve a colossal investment.

It seems true that the Russian teacher is required to be much more versatile than his (or her) English colleague. The official aim of Soviet education has been laid down as 'the training of fully educated, active and conscious builders of Communist society, their education in the spirit of Communist morality' (Y. N. Medinsky, *Public Education in the USSR*). In practice, it appears that Marxism-Leninism is relegated to a back seat till the university stage, at any rate, in favour of an extraordinarily broad curriculum. The table below shows, for instance, the six-day week timetable of a tenth-year class in a Moscow suburban school, a class of the age level of our Grammar school sixth form.

The interesting thing, and it may explain much, is that all children follow this same all-round course, on the ground that it keeps all the talents open for tapping for the whole of the time. And all children must reach a minimum level of attainment in all subjects if they are to gain the chance of success in the severe competition to enter a university. (The Rector of Moscow University said that in recent years there had been on average 12,000 applicants for 3,000 places.)

It is therefore plain that Russian teachers and children are required to work much harder and to cover much more ground than their counterparts in most countries. Because of a multitude of differences, it is very difficult to assess what effects these features have upon standards of attainment. While Russian children do not generally attain the highest standards so rapidly or so early as elsewhere, it must, I think, be true that less talent is wasted because of the all-round character of the common curriculum. Myopia in politics and economics apart, the Soviet ten-year school aims at a pretty full education, irrespective of class, IQ or special talents.

Controversy about the Comprehensive school in England has been focused on form, rather than content. The crucial issues have been the 11-plus exam and the tripartite pattern. Perhaps we should make more progress if we concentrated attention on the curriculum and tried to achieve more community between our schools by reforming the syllabuses. Without taking Russia's ten-year school as a model, we can nevertheless learn much from its experience.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

Monday	*Tuesday*	*Wednesday*	*Thursday*	*Friday*	*Saturday*
Physics	Literature	Physics	Trigonometry	Algebra	Literature
Literature	Literature	History	Geometry	Geometry	History
Polytechnics	Chemistry	Polytechnics	Chemistry	Physics	P.T.
Polytechnics	Chemistry	Polytechnics	History	Physics	Chemistry
Algebra	Draughtsmanship	P.T.	Literature	Foreign Language	Trigonometry
Foreign Language	History	Foreign Language	Astronomy	P.T.	

The science subjects are gradually introduced in the ten-year school from the sixth year, beginning with physics. Chemistry appears in the seventh year, mechanics in the eighth, and astronomy in the tenth year only. Biology is studied for 12 months in the ninth year, at the end of which the subject of geography is also dropped.

The Future of Legal Aid

LEGAL AID often costs you more than when the state helps you pay for it than it would if you cut out the irksome formalities and went straight to a private solicitor. To get the full significance of this statement, you need to imagine having to pay more for a box of pills with a National Health prescription than you would without one. I am always meeting people who have abandoned litigation, or at least put it off, because they can't afford what the Legal Aid Scheme has assessed them as able to pay; and twice I have met people who, rather than give a case up, have paid a solicitor privately and got it done cheaper.

A woman whose husband wants to divorce her has recently shown me the Assistance Board's assessment of what she must be ready to pay if she wants legal aid: £128 10s. 0d. I can introduce her to a solicitor who will do it privately for less—with no form-filling, no three months' inquisition into her means, and no Treasury watch-dog looking on.

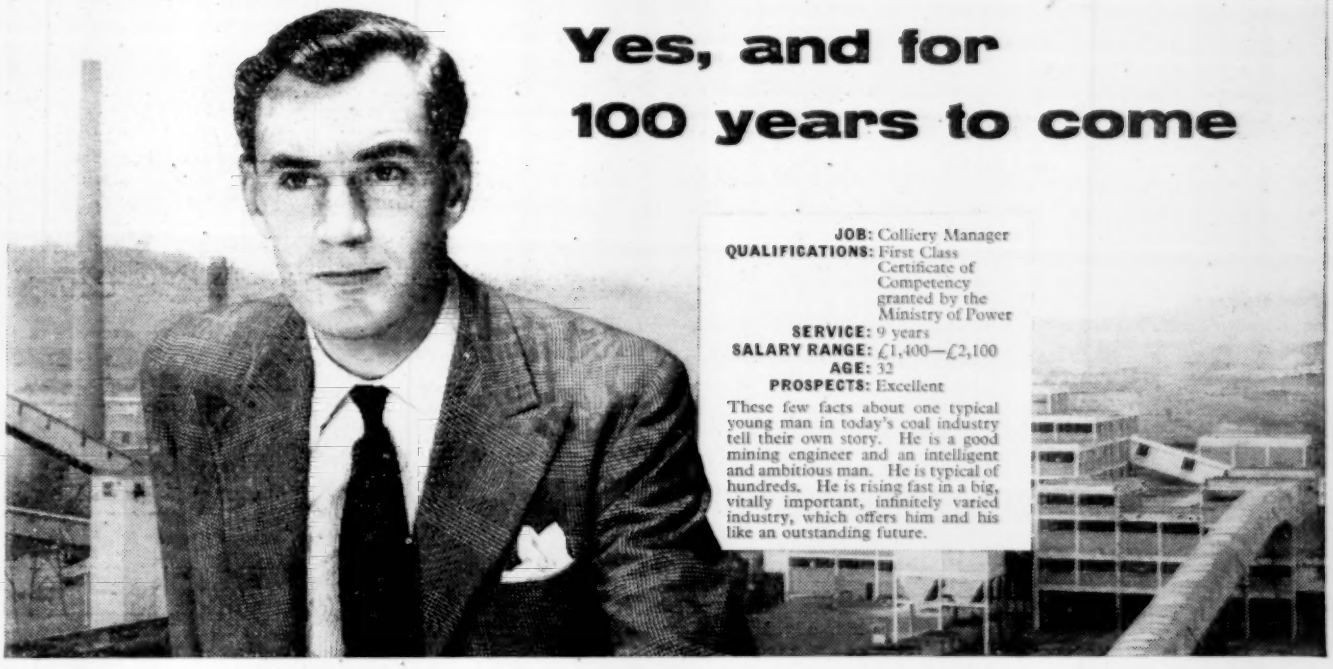
There must be something wrong here, and I have been looking for the solution in Mr Peter Benenson's new Fabian research pamphlet*. This is the best 'plain man's guide' to legal aid that anyone has so far written; and yet, although it is also a critical appraisal with far-reaching proposals for improving the scheme, it still presents the anomalies more clearly than the reasons for them. For example, on 1 January 1956 the Legal Aid Scheme was at last made applicable in the County Courts (the 'poor men's courts') in all matters except judgment summonses, i.e., debt collecting. In the next three months, 59 of the 88 legal aid certificates offered to County Court applicants required them to pay more than £50 towards the costs. It is small wonder, as Mr Benenson says, that today

> solicitors all over the country are telling their clients that they can conduct their cases at a lower cost and more expeditiously than under the Legal Aid Scheme. The solicitor who charges his client more than £50 for the *ordinary* County Court case is making more than a fair profit.

* *The Future of Legal Aid*. Fabian Society. 3s.

A FUTURE IN COAL TODAY?

Yes, and for 100 years to come


JOB: Colliery Manager
QUALIFICATIONS: First Class Certificate of Competency granted by the Ministry of Power
SERVICE: 9 years
SALARY RANGE: £1,400—£2,100
AGE: 32
PROSPECTS: Excellent
These few facts about one typical young man in today's coal industry tell their own story. He is a good mining engineer and an intelligent and ambitious man. He is typical of hundreds. He is rising fast in a big, vitally important, infinitely varied industry, which offers him and his like an outstanding future.

For the next hundred years at least, Britain's new coal industry must bear the brunt of the most formidable economic challenge in our island's history. If Britain is to flourish in the world's markets, her industries must be able to call on more and more power from coal.

Here is a gigantic but exhilarating challenge to ambitious men in Britain's new coal industry. Already these men are undertaking vast new schemes of reconstruction and expansion. Because of them, mining technology continues to take tremendous strides. Because of them, long-term programmes of mechanisation are being skilfully implemented. Because of them, the newest resources of science and engineering are being put to the winning of coal.

The coal industry is fortunate in having such men. But it still needs more of them. And it needs them now . . .

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Issued by the National Coal Board, Hobart House, London, S.W.1. Divisional Headquarters in: Edinburgh, Newcastle upon Tyne, Sheffield, Manchester, Nottingham, Dudley, Cardiff, Dover.

Mr Benenson is chairman of the legal aid sub-committee of the Society of Labour Lawyers, which has always contested the Law Society's view that in an average year 15,000 people would want legal aid in the County Courts. So far this estimate seems to have been about ten times too high – and even of those who have applied, about a quarter have been unable to go on because the Legal Aid Scheme required them to pay too much.

Any solicitor, asked by a private client to forecast the cost of a case, will err on the pessimistic side because of the need to protect himself against the inflationary effects of long delay or the unexpected need to find further witnesses. Put such a man on a Legal Aid Certifying Committee, remind him about once a week that he is now handling public money, and subject him to a constant barrage of complaint from the High Court bench that people with television and washing machines are getting legal aid, and he will react in two ways. First, he will proceed on the ultra-cautious assumption that every case is going for trial (though three out of four accident cases, for example, are settled with insurance companies out of court). Secondly, he will over-estimate the costs of the trial.

An inevitable result of all this is that the Legal Aid Scheme is being used by a mere fraction of the people for whom it was designed. About 125,000 writs (for the High Court) and plaints (for the County Courts) are issued every year in accident cases. It is against this probable total that you have to set the known figure of only 4,500 for accident cases taken to all courts under the Legal Aid Scheme in 1956.

It may be that, as Mr Benenson says, the scheme has never been publicised enough. 'The fame of Britain's National Health Service has spread to the farthest corners of the earth; knowledge of the Legal Aid Scheme has not penetrated the back streets.' That the latter is true, anyone working in a Citizens' Advice Bureau will confirm. But lawyers are said to feel that, so long as they continue to manage the scheme themselves without lay participation (which, by the way, is a thing they would welcome), they would be banging their own drum by calling widespread attention to its advantages. There are certainly solicitors – I know one or two myself – who either conceal the existence of it from their clients or strongly discourage them from resorting to it; not because they disapprove of state welfare schemes (though they might do so) but because of the hanging about that a legal aid application entails, the bother of putting it through (perhaps to meet with complete rejection or with an assessment that the client can't pay), the need to get official permission for the incurment of extra expense, and the fact that in the High Court both solicitor and counsel will get only 85 per cent. of the money they are entitled to. True, it is a nice change for many lawyers to be sure of the 85 per cent., but the figure is based on a 15 per cent. 'bad debts' rate from the old days; and for the state to benefit by this seems to me quite unconscionable.

Equally unconscionable is the present inability of a non-aided litigant (even if it be an insurance company), having won a case, to recover costs from the Legal Aid Scheme. The Law Society is entitled to sue for costs on behalf of the scheme when an aided person wins. Surely it ought to pay up when an aided person loses? The only way to make this possible without angering the Blimps, on and off the bench, is to establish an insurance fund in aid of the Legal Aid Scheme itself, to which every litigant, aided or unaided, would have to contribute a small fee on taking out a writ or plaint. The present alternative, though it seems to be little known, is that a man who has won his case against a legally aided opponent, and failed as usual to get his costs back, can watch that opponent *for the next six years* to see whether his circumstances improve, and then, if they do, fetch him back into court and get an order for payment.

In criminal cases, legal aid systems of one kind or another have always based themselves on serious under-employment in the legal profession. The Act of 1949 perpetuates this principle. The fees offered to solicitors and counsel are still preposterously small, frequently being more than absorbed by the travelling expenses; and in many parts of the country you will be told by the police or the justices' clerk, if you get into trouble, have no money and want a lawyer, that there is only one solicitor in the town who will take a legal aid case. What is needed in criminal cases (and Mr Benenson does not stress it enough) is an emergency, quick-moving version of the present system for civil cases, extending to the payment of defence witnesses (medical and otherwise) and of fees to counsel for opinions. Mr Benenson suggests an absolute right to *free* legal aid (as at present in murder cases) for every defendant charged with an offence carrying more than two years' imprisonment; and he would like to see the Legal Aid Fund reimbursed by way of fines imposed in addition to any other punishment.

But the major step still awaited, for lack of which the whole plan throughout its seven years' life has been rather like a man trying to quench a fire with paraffin oil, is the setting-up of a state Legal Advice Scheme. There are signs that at last this project, which is sure to kill thousands of needless and vexatious disputes before they grow expensive, may be on the way. The Law Society is considering a scheme under which every solicitor on the panel will be ready to give interviews at ten shillings a time, or gratis upon production of a pension or NAB Book. Once the scheme is fully implementing the Act of 1949 as a measure concerned with legal aid *and* advice, much of the criticism now hurled at it will be heard no more.

C. H. Rolph

Fleet Street

What with one thing and another, it is difficult not to reach the agreeable conclusion that the press is at last beginning to take a somewhat less adolescent view of its duties towards royalty. It is true that there are occasional outbreaks still. This week the *Daily Mail*, for example, found it impossible to hold itself in when it received from a reader a snapshot of Prince Charles actually walking to church with some other boys from Cheam School. Nothing less than a five-column streamer and a picture 9¼ inches deep across three columns could, it felt, do justice to so unique an occasion. But such outbreaks have grown noticeably more scarce over recent weeks. The treatment accorded to the tenth anniversary of the Queen's marriage to Prince Philip is particularly significant.

Time was when it was safe betting that any such royal anniversary would produce a spate of heavy display – feature articles, pictures, the whole works – in practically every national newspaper. On this occasion only three, the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Herald*, accorded the occasion any feature treatment at all. The *Daily Telegraph* (surprisingly) ignored it entirely), even in its news columns. So (less surprisingly) did the *Manchester Guardian*. And so also – except for a three-line paragraph in the Court Circular – did *The Times*. What is even more to the point as a guide to Fleet Street's current estimate of the state of the public appetite for what used to be professionally known as royalty guff, is that the *Mirror* gave it only a shortish inside-page story, while the *Sketch* and the *News Chronicle* ignored if altogether.

The *Herald* gave it one rather soberly written feature article on the anniversary date – mainly devoted to 'the quiet revolution' produced by Prince Philip. The *Mail* and the *Express* both devoted three feature articles to it on successive days. But very differently. The *Mail* – ever in such matters the old stalwart – called its series 'The Most Important Marriage'. Its author was 'Maurice Edelman, the distinguished novelist-MP who is an authority on today's monarchy'. Nor did any word of criticism sully the *Mail* or Mr Edelman's pages. Early on they contrived to ask us with a manly sob in the headline 'Well would *you* walk among the lepers?', enthusing 'Yet this is precisely what the Queen, with the Prince a step or two behind her, did at Benin in Nigeria in 1956'. And reporting that the Prince had brought about many important changes in internal communication in the palace, including an internal telephone system, Mr Edelman continued: 'These are minor changes compared with the significance of his comment to a timid working-class guest at a royal banquet. "Useful things these," he said, handling a gold plate, "they don't break".' In order that no one should lose the full flavour of this revelation the *Mail* sub-editor gave it a black underlined crosshead 'Significant'.

But very different indeed was the mood of those skilled practitioners in the art of catching every shift of middle-class mood, Lord Beaverbrook's editorial hierarchy. They, it would appear, have decided that sugar is now out. They have read Lord Altrincham. They may even, before they decided to paste him proper, have read Mr Malcolm Muggeridge. On this occasion they delegated to Miss Anne Edwards, widely known as a girl with one of the sharpest typewriters in Fleet Street, the job of celebrating the royal anniversary. Miss Edwards is a mistress of the art of sowing nettles among hot-house plants. While curtseying smartly and in properly graceful fashion at the appropriate places, she contrived in the course of her three articles to spread among the loyal readers of the *Express* opinions about the Queen as a confirmed chip off the Victorian block which must have come as a slight shock to one or two of them even now. As for instance: 'It is the sentimental fashion to picture the Queen as a gentle bird beating its wings against the bars of a golden cage. In fact it is she who insists that the cage is there – and strong'. Or 'It is the general idea that a set of fuddy-duddies are surrounding the Queen and running her. Nothing could be further from the truth. She runs them'. Or on clothes (and you remember what trouble Lord A and Mr M got in for mentioning them!): 'In a decade when fashion has never changed more swiftly . . . the Queen has done little more than alter her hair parting from side to centre'. As for the impression that the Queen 'longs for a more relaxed approach to royalty', not so, murmured Miss Edwards to the, no doubt, wide-eyed readers of the *Express*. 'She will not hear of it. She clings to the protocol and precedence and pomp . . .'

Are these the happiest men in industry?

Ex-Picture Post reporter Trevor Philpott went to Corby and talked to five men whose life is steel. Pictures by John Chillingworth.

Sid Wright is proud of his 650 ton digger, proud of his job, proud of his six children. "It's a satisfying sort of job, the way we do it today," he says.

Bertie Oliver works on relining the interiors of Bessemer converters. He takes pigs' trotters to work as a snack.

EACH OF THESE MEN has worked a lifetime by the sweat of his brow. Each plays a vital part in what is now Europe's biggest and most modern tube works. Looking back over the years, they look back in pride.

Sid Wright looked down the quarry, wide and deep as the bed of a great river, towards the six hundred and fifty ton digger which was peeling back the earth above the iron ore. "She does as much work in fifty seconds as I used to do in a full day's work. Course, it was wheelbarrows and planks then. Now it's railway trucks and steel track. Yes, it's a satisfying sort of job, the way we do it today. I've had a ton or two of ore out of Northamptonshire in forty years."

'Young Sketch', whom a few know as George Patrick, tends the four great blast furnaces. He's built rather like a blast furnace himself. Resting his hands on his bay window, he said "Yes, there's a lot of beer gone into that. I need it. But it's not as hot now as in the war, when we had the furnaces covered so you couldn't see a wink from a few hundred feet up. Now you can see the glow forty miles away on the right night.

"I was here before Stewarts and Lloyds came, and I watched them build up this plant and take it down and build it up again. And blow me if my only daughter didn't marry a blast furnaceman. He's a supervisor already."

"Both sides must be pretty satisfied"

Bertie Oliver has been caring for the insides of Bessemer converters for forty-six years. "There's not much I don't know about those old ladies. I left a two-horse-tram in 1911 to go on the steel plant at Bilston. I came up to Corby when they opened the new works in 1934. After the Black Country, the woods around here were a real treat. My boy's at the works, too, now and laughs his head off when I take pigs' trotters to eat on the shift."

Bill Muir came out from under the bonnet of his saloon car. "They used to say you could tell a steel man by the colour of his face," he said. "Well, look at me. Pale and interesting. They load slab furnaces by watching television screens and pressing buttons, nowadays. Between us, my brothers and I have put in a hundred and thirty-one years' service with this firm. I suppose both sides must be pretty satisfied."

600 Gold Watches

'Big Chiv' (full title Charlie Clitheroe) is over seventy and looks as strong as an ox. "Six bob a week errand boy, I started as. Then someone spotted I was a pretty big lad, and I got a job on the locos. It's been locos ever since. These we've got now are little beauties. Fire her right, keep her pressure up, and she'll do anything. Gives you a good appetite, too, this job. Seventeen bobs' worth of meat I'll eat, at the week-end. My wife used to say to me, 'You never praise my food, do you Charlie?' 'I never leave none, do I?' I'd say to her. The boys ask me sometimes why I don't marry again. Well, a good wife's like a good job. One's enough for most men."

All these men possess a gold watch awarded to mark thirty years of service with the firm. There are over six hundred more like them at Corby, working still. Men who began in the Steel Industry, stayed with it, and helped it to grow. This is how they talk, as they near the end of a working life well spent.

This report was commissioned by the British Iron and Steel Federation, which believes that everyone should know the facts about Steel, and about the men and organisations that make it.

Charlie Clitheroe is a loco man, brings in 1200 tons of ore at a time and gets through 17 bobs' worth of meat at a week-end.

With photographs of His friends and Hers, Miss Edwards next proceeded to explain that although the Prince might like new relaxed people about the court, the only ones the Queen feels happy with are 'the Beauforts, Abergavennys and Buccleughs'. Nor were the amusingly acid stories lacking. As, for instance, the one about when the Queen visited Cambridge and said, 'I'm so glad to be here. I have passed through it so often in my journey to Newmarket races'. Finally Miss Edwards took her readers really into her confidence: 'The research I have been doing these past few weeks has,' she whispered solemnly, 'brought me into contact with some very frightened people. Whatever Siberia she threatens them with if they talk to a reporter, it is enough to scare them, gag them, make them look ridiculous.' One way and another, Miss Edwards did quite a job. I hope Lord Beaverbrook sent her a cable.

The Beaverbrook newspapers, of course, have always been somewhat ambivalent in their attitude to the royal family and the court. But the new tone, alongside the general quietness of the rest of the press in regard to the wedding anniversary, certainly suggests the climate in Fleet Street is getting a good deal less humid than it was. Not, of course, that this will stop some of them dredging up sensation wherever they can find it. Lord Beaverbrook's Sunday monster for instance. Last Sunday it led with a front-page story headlined across eight columns in black type, 'The Princess Mystery'—thus triggering off a fresh spate of stories in the American press. 'I can reveal,' writes the chief reporter, 'that the activities of Princess Margaret in recent weeks are causing speculation and concern in palace circles.' 'What,' it asked, 'is the explanation?' And then, in that well-known way it has: 'Friends say that any suggestion of a weakening of Princess Margaret's affection for the Queen and the rest of her family would be utterly wrong.' Maybe the editor of the *Sunday Express* ranked a cable, too.

Footnote: Speaking generally, I do not much share the belief, apparently general in Fleet Street, that practically anything that happens at an Oxford or Cambridge Union debate is important national news. But having regard to this tradition and to the publicity given on many previous occasions to Union votes, I must say I find it odd that so few national papers gave any mention whatever of the result of last week's Oxford Union debate on a motion which condemned the Wolfenden Report's recommendations for an alteration in the law affecting adult homosexuals. This 'anti' motion was defeated by 587 to 87—the biggest majority, I am told, in the Union's history. I wonder whether if the vote had gone the other way—against the Wolfenden Report instead of for it—there would have been the same lack of interest?

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Abroad, too, they are enjoying the new THIS ENGLAND (2s. 6d. only).
Der Bund (Berne) says, for instance:
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Lester Breed

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The Parrot Woman

OUTSIDE the Hagenbeck Zoo in Hamburg you are met by an enormous polar bear. It slaps fathers of families on the back, chucks mothers under the chin and stands in the centre of groups to be photographed. Since the Germans can hardly move down a street without a camera, men are queueing up ten deep to take a picture, while the children, standing at a safe distance, gaze with a mixture of wonder and horror. Since children deeply like the idea of polar bears wandering about the street, talking to tram-conductors and smoking cigarettes, they probably do not wish to admit to themselves that this particular polar bear has size 11 canvas shoes peeping out from under his white fur.

One buys a zoo guide and is not surprised to find it impeccably efficient. Every cage and enclosure (something like Whipsnade) is numbered, and in no time at all you can find your elephant, baboon or sea-elephant, without having to wander frustratedly up and down past those interminable vague water-fowl that one encounters in the London Zoo. The Guide, apart from exhortatives—*'Please don't tease the animals. Keep mirrors in your pockets. Practical jokes bore apes'*—explain the habitats and habits of all the resident animals, and give an interesting summary of the achievements of the world-famous Hagenbeck Brothers. There are photographs of Carl Hagenbeck, a pygmy hippopotamus and Thomas A. Edison, and Kaiser Wilhelm the Second being greeted by Heinrich and Lorenz Hagenbeck, with a gang of what appears to be admirals in the background.

Perhaps the loveliest exhibits in this zoo are the rose-coloured flamingoes performing their one-legged tableaux vivants in a large shallow pool, and the huge baboon enclosure which can easily be watched for hours. Here one discovers how serious, pompous and introspectively dignified animals can be, with a sharp division between pleasure-loving baboon-children and sad, angry and self-conscious adults, brooding on top of their rocks, grudging each nut or banana acquired by their cousins, always under the ferocious eye of an enormous dictator baboon with a huge purple bottom. Terrible brooding insecurity on this safe island on the edge of Hamburg, with only the children tumbling and hunting in each others' fur (*Please! They do not search for fleas! They seek tasty salt morsels,* cries the guide). It is only one step to the atom bomb, Billy Graham and Tennessee Williams. . . . Not far from the baboons is a tiny sketch of park with a miniature lake (Number 23) and one gazes with amazement at enormous reptiles surfacing near lily plants or twisting their scaly necks round suburban tree-trunks. *Urweltiere,* says a placard. The Lost World. Between a Dinosaur and a Megatherium may be seen a notice 'Ladies' and right opposite are, for some reason or another, Burmese ruins.

I went to see the elephants. There were quite a number of them, old and young, huge and small, fumbling their pads behind a wide trench and being fed with fruit, nuts, cake and bread. Right in the middle of them was a young official with a stern face, eyeing each elephant like a sergeant-major on parade. I could even hear him talking to one middle-aged elephant with rather sad eyes. 'Now then, pick those feet up and hold your trunk out straight.' I'm not sure, actually, if he said those exact words, but it must have been something like it. Apart from marching about with the very young elephants and stopping them trumpeting, he eyed the public with a sharp, admonishing eye. 'Not that,' he cried to a small boy handing an elephant a comic newspaper. Finally he became so annoyed with three baby elephants that he formed them up and marched them off to their quarters. 'Ten minutes before time,' said an elderly gentleman, looking at his watch. 'You've got to be strict with children,' said his wife.

I then went for a drink at one of the many kiosks in the zoo, and felt something nudge my arm. It was a pony. On its back was a placard saying *Dressurschule.* The waitress gave it some lumps of sugar, and it trotted off, and I decided to follow it. After turning a few corners, it took me to quite a large building and walked in. I looked up *Dressurschule* in the dictionary and found it mean 'training school'. So in I went too, paying 50 pfennig, and found myself sitting on one of a 100 or so circular benches facing a large circus cage. Military marches played from an amplifier, and then a confident, smartly dressed young man walked into the cage, bowed several times, cracked a whip and a group of smart young animals walked in. There were in pairs, two lions, two tigers, two polar bears, two straight bears, and two embarrassed dogs. Oddly enough it was only the dogs who were gauche and missed their queues, but I think it was because they both thought they shouldn't be lumped together with the other animals. While the young trainer was still bowing to the audience, the two straight bears jumped off their stands and began to wrestle, bumping into the polar bears and the tigers, and it began to look like pandemonium. But I'm sure it wasn't. It was pure precision, a brilliant exploitation of animal inconsequence. In a second the trainer had everything in order, put all his oddly assorted animals through their paces, kissed a tiger, bowed to music, and the animals trotted out. The dogs, I was glad to see, for their own dignity, left by a special door. Then came a wonderful sea-lion and a collection of very young monkeys, who actually made me laugh till I cried. Their turns were conducted with the jerky rapidity of an early silent film, each one of them was a tiny young Chaplin.

I went out, and was lured by those screams, maniacal laughter and wolf whistles which are the special lunatic signature of every zoo in the world, the voices of macaws and parrots. I soon found a long avenue lined by perches, and on these postured a magnificent collection of these deadpan comedians, dressed in smart white, crimson and blue. Walking up and down the avenue of birds was one of those plump elderly women with iron grey hair who may be seen in any zoo cooing at leopards, kissing snakes, or whispering to ostriches. Parrots were her obvious *raison-d'être,* she was cradling them like babies, kissing them,

talking in some sort of parrot German dialect to which the birds listened attentively. She was followed everywhere by a small crowd, and all of us, I am certain, who watched the performance, envied this shapeless, grey woman, and secretly would trade any quality we possessed for her power over the Hagenbeck parrots.

After she passed down the avenue, I decided to try my hand, and chose a particular mild sort of parrot with a wise gentle eye. I put out my wrist, it climbed on it, gave me a cynical look, and bit me hard on the finger. Then it began screaming, jumped on my shoulder and made some sort of scrambled speech. This brought the iron grey parrot matron running back up the avenue. She gave me a hard look, picked up the parrot and put it back on the perch. She said something to me, but I couldn't understand, she was speaking too fast. 'I am English', I said. 'It is dangerous', she said, speaking slowly to me as though I were a parrot. She pointed at my finger which was beginning to bleed furiously. 'It is bad to be bitten by a parrot', she said. 'You must come to the First Aid Station.' 'It isn't important', I said. 'It is important. You may catch a dangerous disease. This would be bad for the zoo. It could cause an international incident. You must come to the First Aid.' She flipped back her coat lapel and exhibited a badge. 'It is a Zoo badge', she said. 'Parrot and small monkey section. I am an official. Come.'

She took me by the arm and led me down the avenue, past the dinosaurs and the Burmese ruins, to a building near the penguin enclosure. We went inside and entered some sort of office and a man with rimless glasses rose from his desk and had a conversation with the parrot matron. 'You must fill in a form', said the man with glasses. He spoke in American, a sort of careful Brooklyn. He handed me a sheet of paper. 'Nationality, date of birth, mother's maiden name, blood group and so on.' 'I can't fill up a form', I said, showing him my finger, 'and I don't know my blood group.' 'I will dress the finger', he said, pressing a button. A nurse came in. She was quite good-looking and terribly clean, there is nothing so clean as a German woman, the whiteness blinds. While she dressed my finger, the male official asked me questions. 'Have you ever had psittacosis before?' 'Certainly not,' I said. 'Now you can fill up the form', he said, 'and then I will give you the address of a psittacosis specialist here in Hamburg. Dr Weininger. He was attached to the Berlin Zoo. There our responsibility ends.' He rose and showed me the door. There was quite a long queue of people outside. Nearly all of them had a finger or two bound up with handkerchiefs.

ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

The Daemon and the Real

It is surely a good and healthy sign when our leading actors and actresses are prepared (as they haven't always been in the past) to chance their arm with a play by a new writer because, even if it is by no means perfect, it has enough freshness and vitality in it to deserve the best treatment it can get. This was the case with *The Entertainer*, as it is with the current play at the Haymarket, *Flowering Cherry* by Robert Bolt, which has a cast headed by Sir Ralph Richardson and Miss Celia Johnson. It is safe to say that each of these plays would have had a very much diminished impact without its leading actors. But it is also certain that in each case the writers will be immensely heartened by the reception, and will gain in confidence and stature as a consequence. Mr Robert Bolt, whose first play *The Critic and the Heart* was highly praised when Mr Frank Hanser gave it a first showing at the Oxford Playhouse, is decidedly a playwright who deserves this kind of encouragement. But his talent, evident at a glance in his taut, condensed dialogue and handling of the smaller incidents of his dramas, is not yet quite capable of encompassing the complete whole (like Osborne in this respect); and this is where the genius of the great actor can help to conceal the deficiencies.

Flowering Cherry is a quite deliberate and conscious (as I suppose) attempt to write an English *Death of a Salesman*, and in producing it Mr Frith Banbury has, as I suppose, deliberately underlined the parallel. Like Willie Lomas, Jim Cherry is at the end of his tether. He has worked for thirty-five years in Insurance, and with each day that passes he becomes more and more exasperated by the job that so inadequately fills his days. But he has a son and a daughter and a wife dependent on him, and he gets by with drink and fantasy. His fantasy is repetitively stuck at his childhood on a Somerset farm, and all his life the gramophone record of his reminiscence keeps returning to that groove where the apple orchards perpetually blossomed, and the farm hands were fabulously strong. And in the suburban kitchen in which the family live he commemorates this obsession by keeping a keg of 'scrumpy' always on tap and by hanging on the wall two iron pokers which the strong men of his childhood used to bend.

In the first half (the play is in two acts) Mr Bolt lays out for us Jim Cherry's obsession and his relations with his family, and this act is admirably conducted. Jim's wife is nearing the end of her tether, too. She is desperately trying, even at this late date, to force him to face reality somewhere in his life, and he, no less desperately, is covering up behind boasting and boozing. No wonder his two children despise him. But they too have caught from him the diseases of his life. The boy is light-fingered and the girl a liar, though no one thinks of them brutally as such, not even themselves. The thick mists of fantasy envelop their little world, and soon douse the occasional small flashes of reality which flare up for a poignant moment or two. Yet it is these moments that are especially memorable and revealing. A quick spirt of anger between father and son over the boy's clothes: Mum overhearing the children panning a film and suddenly feeling middle-aged for having liked it: the boy mockingly bending back the poker that Dad has strained himself in bending. Mr Bolt packs his first act with a variety of such small incidents, each loaded with a charge of bitter feeling.

He is a little less successful as we come on in the second half to a more schematic plot-line. Jim, who has boasted all these years of one day giving up his job and buying a fruit farm, is eventually fired; but when Mum seizes the chance and offers to exchange their house for a plot in Somerset, he can't face his fantasy in real life, and finally dies of a stroke in an altogether overmelodramatic end. We become aware too that the author has failed to knead into the whole

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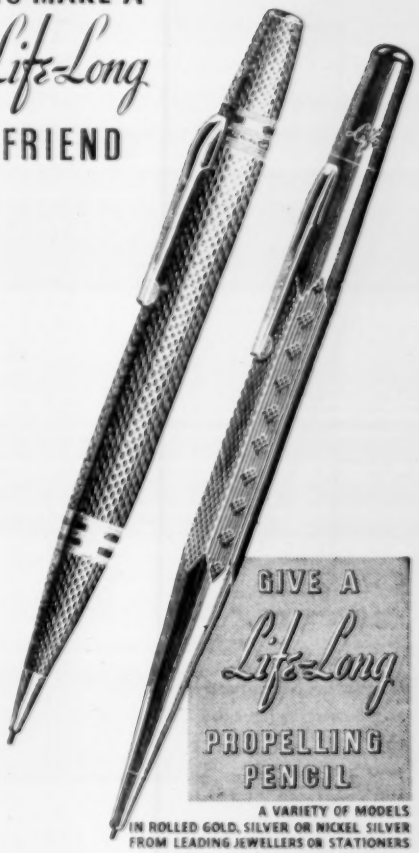

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some of the issues he has raised with his minor characters. But I don't want to over-emphasise these points. This act has its explosive moments too and it carries on the impetus of the first half and by the strength of the acting—if only just.

Sir Ralph Richardson, as Jim Cherry, gives one of his most extraordinary performances. There is no realistic nonsense about Sir Ralph's attack; he is the daemon of neurosis pure. He looms into that suburban kitchen spouting his shifty unhappiness all over its naturalistic detail like some great hollow whale. And just as you might think 'Now he's going too far', he will catch you back with some breathtaking moment of pure truth and revelation: and these moments far outnumber the moments of excess. Without this performance on the grand scale the play might easily be—and it will no doubt in other hands frequently become—a realistic study of a neurosis; and then its faults might be even more evident. Sir Ralph lifts it on to altogether a more majestic level of universality. It is a triumph, and an exciting, if very odd, one.

Miss Celia Johnson with her dry tears and poignant stare is the perfect foil, because, on her own level, she has an equal, absolute command, and so serves to relate the flamboyant to the real, where it tapers down into excellent smaller-scale performances from the children, Andrew Ray and Dudy Nimmo. Mr Frith Banbury, who directs, has tried in his production, too, to present this double image of daemonism and realism. His designer, Mr Reece Pemberton, has enclosed the realest of skeletal kitchens with a cyclorama of cherries which blossom all too visibly; and whenever Jim Cherry drops into the reminiscent vein and displays to us the rich treasure of his fantasy, music creeps up behind. It seems to me a mistake to underline in this way what both actor and author can perfectly make plain. The treasure at these moments—the rare moments of Jim's real truth—*is* rich; we can see it and hear it for ourselves. But this misjudgment—if it is one—should not distract attention from the high skill which Mr Banbury brings to the rest of the direction, and especially the direction of the brilliant dialogue.

I have left myself space only to recommend very warmly Miss Margaret Webster's production of *Measure for Measure* for the Old Vic. Miss Webster conjures better acting and speaking from the company than we have seen or heard for some time there. She keeps the play moving unfalteringly even over the shoals of its second half, and fits its parts beautifully together.

T. C. WORSLEY

Atmosphere and Earth

PERMEKE'S seascapes and landscapes are what you might call inspiring. They are like Turners in their grandeur, their sense of the tremendous, intimations of the cosmic, visions of a world in which man intrudes only in order to be overwhelmed. They are like Turners, too, in their marvellous freedom of handling, in their rendering of precise atmospheric effects without recourse to the literal. They are not a tenth as subtle as Turners, but they have, by way of compensation, an extraordinary density, a density that calls to mind the seascapes of Courbet. It might, indeed, be said that stylistically Permeke stands to Courbet as Turner is Claude. The curious combination of an intense romantic atmosphere with a sense of the weight and earthiness of reality is Permeke's special quality.

The figure-paintings in the Permeke exhibition now at the Tate are not, as I see them, works of anything like the same stature as the landscapes and, above all, the seascapes. They have the same feeling for the physical, and this precludes the weakness which we tend to attribute to all expressionist art, though, in truth, it is a peculiarity of German expressionism, namely, an incoherence of form resulting from an undue concern with getting the message across: outside Germany, the fault is not incoherence but over-simplification, or so it is with, say, Rouault, as it is with Permeke. Still, within these limits, Permeke's forms work perfectly well: they are grand, and they are used admirably to fill the canvas. Only, by comparison with the best German expressionist figure-painting, that of Kirchner and Beckmann, as well as with Rouault or Gromaire, they are crude and obvious to the point of total boredom. We could say that this was because they were like vastly magnified illustrations to secular sermons if it were not that the life-size drawings of the nude, which are not especially illustrative of ideas, were even more tedious. The flaw is not this, but rather something which makes Permeke's shapes for the human figure seem as dated as gramophone records of the early 1920s (in marked contrast to the seascapes, which transcend their period to a degree unusual in modern art): I mean the extreme naivety with which Permeke uses his chosen conventions—the conventions being, in the life-studies, the style of Maillol, in the compositions, a Gauguinesque flattening of volume and simplification of contour married to an arbitrary substitution of angles for curves deriving from Cubism, probably via Chagall. It is above all in the adaptation of post-cubist mannerisms that the naivety shows most clearly and the dated look is strongest: the adaptation is neither intelligent, as in Matisse, nor amusing, as in Chagall; it is simple-minded and at the same time earnest and charmless, and therefore provincial in the worst sense. The colour and the handling of paint are often as beautiful and expressive as in the seascapes, but between these qualities and ourselves the grossness of the drawing intervenes.

The exhibition at the Hanover Gallery of sculptures in iron by César, the young Marseillais sculptor (born 1921), consists mainly of a number of his first mature attempts at the human figure (invariably headless and often armless). Unlike most of the forged-iron sculpture that has been made in the last thirty years, these works are not 'open', 'spatial', but solid volumes. Solid indeed, for they have as we look at them an air of dense materiality that we somehow do not sense when faced with bronze casts. The material, indeed, is wonderfully exploited. The surface-textures are as subtle and diverse as they are picturesque, most especially in a number of works in which a fragment of a human figure sprouts a sort of enormous flat wing, with a surface resembling a de Staël painted with the palette-knife.

There is a drama and a presence in César's sculptures that make them very effective. Only their effectiveness is skin-deep. The shapes themselves are perfectly banal: where they depart from the literal, their distortions are no more than sentimental. What is missing is the creation of shapes whose simultaneous unlikeness and likeness to the shapes of reality are surprising, disturbing, revealing, shapes which transform reality in order to return us to reality. Where there is none of this, there is only decoration. Paradoxically, César's figure-sculptures achieve a far less stimulating relation to reality than do some large jars slightly suggestive of a human torso in the very fine exhibition of James Tower's ceramics which can be seen at Gimpel's until 30 November.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Grand Tour

GREATLY to its credit, the London Philharmonic is determined to jog us out of the rut into which our orchestral programmes have fallen. Last year the directors made the chance discovery that a large public could be attracted to hear an adventurous programme if only it were billed under some alluring title such as 'Experiment' or 'Primitive Strength'. This year, thinking along similar lines, they have planned for us a Musical Grand Tour (for reasons of glamour, this title is announced in French) which will take us around Europe, and even to America, and land us back in England by May. There is plenty in prospect to attract the intelligent concert-goer; but it must be admitted that last Monday's opening concert, which was devoted to Hungarian music, proved less exhilarating than had been hoped.

The fault was not in the performances, but in the programme. I did not take so hostile a view of the Lajtha Symphony as some of my colleagues: but—to leave this matter aside for the moment—a programme that represented no composer under 65 years old and began with Leo Weiner's Suite of Hungarian Folkdances, Opus 18, inevitably conveyed an impression, probably quite unjustified, that the musical soil is poor in Hungary just now. Weiner's Suite consisted of some attractive folk tunes served up with conventional harmonies in a thick and richly spiced orchestral sauce; this was mass-produced canteen goulash. Very properly, half the programme was devoted to Bartok and Kodaly. Bartok's Third Piano Concerto was played with great refinement and delicacy by Bela Siki; and Kodaly's noble *Psalmus Hungaricus* made the powerful effect it always makes in any good performance, though the English oratorio approach of the tenor soloist, William Herbert, does not reveal the intense pathos and fervour of the music. Throughout the series, native conductors have been engaged to sponsor their countrymen's music, and Janos Ferencsik, a leading figure in Budapest's musical life, made an excellent impression, although one guessed that he would have welcomed rather more rehearsal for Lajtha's Fifth Symphony.

Laszlo Lajtha, who was born in 1892, is by no means a fervently nationalist composer, but rather a spiritual adherent of the Ecole de Paris, much influenced, we are told, by French music in general, and by Debussy in particular. His Fifth Symphony, a recent work, is in two movements which are thematically linked and—a very surprising feature—which both conclude with the same 16 bars of coda. The main theme of the work is a very long, climbing melody which might be a rhapsodic string cadenza, and therefore presents difficulties of ensemble when, as on more than one occasion, it is played in octave and unison by the entire body of strings. Subsequent melodies, sometimes rather appealing, and mainly of a melancholy cast, combine with the principal theme to form a composition which has a certain picturesque charm but suggests something rather more easy-going than a symphony. The scoring is various and opulent, without being noisy; in fact, the luxuriant curves and opalescent colours of the music give it a slight flavour of Szymanowski. But the material has hardly the aristocratic distinction of Szymanowski's work; and if we allow the thought of Debussy to cross our minds we are likely to find the Hungarian composer sadly deficient in taste. However, we English critics are far too ready to damn all foreigners and praise the glorious British school; and I have heard 'important' and well-reviewed new English works during

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the past few years beside which Lajtha's Symphony would cut quite a good figure.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

New Medium, Old Hat

WEEK after week viewers suffer, consciously or not, from the dearth of good plays with modern themes specially written for television. This week, it is true, ITV put on *Death of a Salesman*, and last week *Widowers' Houses* – both creditable revivals, but revivals, and revivals of plays written for another medium. Far too much of the output is either new and drearily frivolous or old and dated in manner and theme; or, if new and serious, concerned with a theme from the past.

On recent Sunday nights this defect has been well illustrated. Last Sunday we saw two plays on TV – a *soi-disant* 'hilarious farce' called *The Red-headed Blonde*, and *The Human Touch*, a far from hilarious, indeed grimly high-minded, dramatisation of the discovery of chloroform, a century ago, by Dr Simpson of Edinburgh.

It was the former, not the latter, of these that was on the BBC; and it seemed to me so fatuous, so clumsily unfunny, that I watched it with a deep sense of shame that the Corporation could have sunk so low. Good light entertainment is, of course, not to be despised: this was bad light entertainment. Except for Miss Vera Day, who gave a lively impersonation, in the manner of Miss Yolande Donlan, of a dumb star from Hollywood, most of the acting seemed indifferent . . . but then, the actors had such impossible lines to say, the author and adaptor (about whom I know nothing) having apparently heard no colloquial English speech later than early Dornford Yates. They resorted to the infinitely embarrassing and unreal circumlocutory expletive ('holy, jumping, leaping, galloping mackerel!'); they provided a comic servant ('George', of course), whose favourite oath was 'Jumpin' Joseph!'; and I took verbatim notes of two samples of their scintillating dialogue: (1) 'Look here, I'm sorry I'm such a son of a –.' 'Your family history's of no interest to me.' (2) 'I shut up like the proverbial lamb.' 'I think the word you want is "clam."' An unwarranted risk was taken at one point, when one of the characters had to yawn a good deal – a notoriously infectious habit. (I have sometimes thought it unfortunate for those concerned with the more soporific ITV programmes if one of the interrupting commercials happens to be 'Sleep *swee*ter, Bourn-vita' with its engaging face on a mug that opens in a stertorous yawn.)

Obviously, *The Human Touch* was a much worthier effort than this, though a trifle plodding and not free from ham. But it had a noble story to tell, and the acting of Robert Urquhart, Pauline Jameson, and Nigel Anthony, and the dignified presence of Finlay Currie, were worthy of it. It was only a pity that the fluffing or obvious omission of a few lines spoiled one or two important moments. This is one of the risks of live television drama.

Here, again, though, there was this preoccupation with the past. TV producers never seem to be happy with a serious play unless they can get its characters into period costume. Surely there have been some discoveries since chloroform worthy of attention by TV dramatists?

Yes, indeed, says Mr Michael Pertwee – and comes up with a play about the first manned satellite (*Man in a Moon*) which was done on the Sunday before last. This is said to have been badly mauled after it had left the author's hands: as seen, it was unconvincingly disjointed, and jejune.

That Sunday also marked the end of Mr Iain MacCormick's play-cycle, *The English Family Robinson*, on whose opening I commented with reserved approval. This was a noteworthy series, which improved, on the whole, as it went on. The final episode escapes my general charge of archaism, for it was concerned with the transfer of power in India – certainly a worthy and contemporary theme. It lapsed occasionally into the didacticism which was a fault in the first play of the cycle, and was marred by its excessive anti-Hindu bias and by a jingoist sneer at the anti-imperialism of 'the Socialists'. (Yes, that is how the character in the play would talk, but he was the hero, and these lines were uttered with special emphasis: the author was obviously identifying himself with the hero, and this passage contained the play's main message. It would have been possible, and wiser, to convey the main part of the message – that, whatever motives the British had for being in India, British civil servants did much good there – without gratuitously antagonising half the viewers.)

A much lower manifestation of colonialism rampant was in *Sanders of the River*, one of the quaint old Korda films lately bought in bulk and shown on ITV. The Nigerians have protested that the revival of this film is injurious to their national pride: it seems to me to be at least as offensive to Britons, with its unintentionally funny reminder of the pompous self-esteem of some empire-builders. It is also painful to see Paul Robeson in so craven a part, and to hear him singing sheer rubbish. The only one of these Korda films which I personally thought worth seeing again was *The Private Life of Henry VIII* (though there is a certain melancholy pleasure in seeing some of our most revered players as they were in their slim youth). The latest shown was *Things to Come*: the physical setting of the new civilisation is like an enormously enlarged Cumberland Hotel; the Wellsian optimism seems naive and juvenile '. . . and now for the rule of the airman and a new life for mankind').

* * *

Sound radio sometimes puts on programmes that demand visual reinforcement – Network Three's *For Collectors*, for instance. Depressing as Mr John Lowe (of the V & A) was last week about the daily-soaring prices of old-English furniture, one did want to see those wildly expensive chairs (and, this week, those fossils). The most fascinating talk in this series was the first. I cannot bring myself to write the bastard word that match-box-label collectors illiterately use to describe their hobby; but that is what PC Donald Sayer, of the Kent County Constabulary, was talking about – with particular reference to his own speciality, match-box labels with religious themes. As he described his Japanese Madonna of 1884 (for the Latin-American export market), his Indian 'Jesus Christ safety matches' showing the Crucifixion ('a great rarity . . . quickly suppressed'), and his great cathedral series, and cried, with the true connoisseur's passion, 'What a picture gallery they make! What a wealth of information!' one's eyes ached to see them on the TV screen.

TOM DRIBERG

Japanese Realism

THE Japanese film festival at South Bank does at last open its window a little: *Four Chimneys* was shown to the Press (though it won't be seen till Jan. 1), and I have since been able to see *Shadows in Sunlight* (Nov. 30, Dec. 1 and 4). The latter is remarkable in a number of ways. Directed by Tadashi Imai, it takes us inexorably through a tangled case of murder; events leading up to the crime, the brutal murder of an old couple, the young drunkard who implicates others, the fiendish bullying by the police, the case dragging on from court to court for seven years. All this is compelling enough, realism without a lapse, so that we hardly need to be told it is based on truth: what will bring a gasp of surprise is the fact that the film was made with the trials still not ended, and itself played a part in the Supreme Court's reversal last week of the heavy sentences. The whole case now, it appears, will have to be started all over again. Here for once, then, is a film involved to the hilt, with a grim urgency imprinted on every foot.

Four Chimneys also escapes from that sixteenth century, in which one had begun to suppose all Japanese cinema resided, to the Tokyo of today. Its atmosphere is that of neo-realism – with a difference. Here are the working-class lives, the rains, the misadventure that may bring good or bad, the interminable radio. A baby laid on a doorstep starts not only a plot but such a harrying noise as the sound track has not yet faced. The couple downstairs who take in the baby are not the only ones affected; there's a couple upstairs too; it is the upstairs man in the end who goes to seek out the feckless parents. In the end six lives have been caught together dramatically, we have been taken into offices and bicycle stadiums, into the lowest depth of shack life; and all the time, the four chimneys of a factory have been kept in view. From one angle there are four, from another three, then two, and one. The director, Heinosuke Gosho, has the kind of eye that has met us before in Japanese prints (witness not

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only his factory, but the reeds in the river, mist, rain, and bare flimsy interiors; he has compassion as well, which may surprise those who have known only the cruel austerities of history and legend.

The death of Max Ophuls last year becomes doubly tragic with the apparition of his last film: *The Fall of Lola Montès*, at the Cameo-Royal. Chekhov's coffin may have been labelled 'Oysters', but at least his publisher didn't hasten to cut and twist round all the paragraphs of his last story; that is what has happened to Ophuls. His film was in flashbacks from a circus act; these have been lifted out and placed earlier; as a result the film is episodic, confused, seemingly heartless, and redeemed chiefly by the superb visual feeling that survives even this horse-doctor's or horse-thief's treatment. The flight from the palace into snowy streets will remain with me as the kind of beauty only he could create; dark pine hills with snow, colloquies in coaches round a smoky stove, an opera house, palace staircases, and the fantasies of a circus ring with chandeliers lifting and plunging—these, in a colour that with western directors has been equalled only by Jean Renoir, impress one more than the episodes themselves. I doubt whether Martine Carol is quite up, or down, to Lola; Anton Walbrook makes a charming royal lover; Peter Ustinov pouts and bawls as the showman who has found an exhibit more exciting than elephant or leopard. Lola's circus act becomes a sort of grotesque fantasia of her life: this was to have been the whole film, with its lucid memories, but now it is incongruously jammed at the end. One can't really judge it, but only those who have idiotically meddled; and yet, it is sadly worth seeing.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

SIR,—The current controversy about Labour's attitude towards the House of Lords has hinged on the government's proposal to modify the hereditary principle and to admit women peers. But there is another aspect of this problem that peculiarly affects the Labour Party since it is always short of adequate spokesmen in the Lords. Under the Ministers of the Crown Act of 1937 no more than 39 members of a government may sit in the Commons: the balance must be found in the Lords. At the present time this means that eight ministers, two parliamentary secretaries, two whips and three Lords-in-Waiting have to be peers.

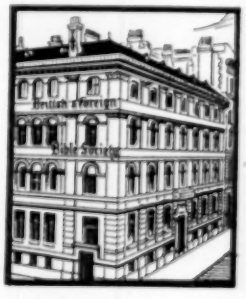
If an incoming Labour government failed to amend this Act it would have to find at least as many and perhaps more nominees from its limited membership in the Upper House—and, as in Mr Macmillan's government, each of these office-holders would have to act as spokesman for two or three government departments. The Earl of Home, for example, acts as Leader of the House, is Minister of Commonwealth Relations, speaks for the Foreign Office and deals with all matters of industrial, medical and agricultural research. The Earl of Selkirk, who is First Lord of the Admiralty, also speaks for the Minister of Pensions and National Insurance, and assists with defence, Treasury business and economic policy. Much the same variety of functions is demanded from their colleagues.

To whom could a Labour prime minister turn to fill such offices? There are, nominally, 55 Labour peers, some of whom never attend the Lords. Consider, then, the front bench and the whips of the Labour group. Three are at least 80 years of age; four are over 70; six are over 60 and, if Labour does not take office for another two years, three of these will then be over 70. Three of them are between 50 and 60. This means that there are only six obvious candidates for ten ministerial and five junior offices, and not all these six may be willing to take office.

What of the back-benchers who might move up? Four of them are chairmen or board members of government corporations, and they may be considered ineligible. Of those who regularly attend the Lords, ten are over 70 and two more are approaching that age. Of the relatively active back-bench Labour peers, one is over 60, three are over 50, and only one is under 50. And, of the younger generation—mainly the sons of first-creation Labour peers—there are three or four who are unproven, one sits on the Tory benches, and another gives no party affiliation.

From this analysis of the composition of the present Labour group in the Lords it is clear that a Labour prime minister would be hard put to it to carry out the requirements of the 1937 Act. Suppose, then, that the present Tory bill is carried and that a Labour premier could appoint men or women life peers. Would this help? I doubt it. For experienced parliamentarians are needed to fill such offices, not ageing MPs, or trade union officials, industrialists and retired professionals without political experience. And I am not at all sure whether enough MPs with the right qualifications could be persuaded to accept elevation: if Labour lost office again they would be left without income or political function.

I see no reason why Labour should desire full representation in the Lords. A Labour government, indeed, could manage with two ministers in the Upper House—the Lord Chancellor and a Leader of the House to introduce government business. Since government bills, together with technical amendments, make up most of the effective legislative business of the Lords, the Leader of the House could manage to explain and move these, as long as they were not blocked by wrecking tactics on the part of the opposition. This means, of course, that Labour would have further to reduce the delaying power of the Lords, say, to a period of three to six months. If this were done, the Lords would in effect



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become a debating chamber, and its real function—as personified by the Lord Chancellor—would be to serve as the judicial committee.

I believe that the Labour Party could therefore deal with the government's 'limited reform' in the following manner. First, it should move an amendment to the new Bill along these lines:

> That this House declines to give a second reading to a Bill which fails to end the hereditary basis of the House of Lords and fails to ensure a balanced representation of interests in that House.

Secondly, Labour should declare its intention of amending the Ministers of the Crown Act of 1937 to remove the restriction on the number of paid office-holders who may sit in the Commons. Finally, there must be an amendment of the Parliament Act to reduce still further the delaying power of the Lords.

If this were done, the decline of the House of Lords would continue until the case for its abolition became quite clear, even to some of the leaders of the Labour Party.

DEMOCRAT

SIR,—As a Liberal, middle-class member of the 'younger generation', I fail to feel the 'rising frustration' or 'revolt against hypocrisy, obscurantism and privilege' which I am apparently meant to feel when I view the foundations of British society—namely, the monarchy, the Lords and the public schools. On the contrary, any frustration that I may harbour springs from the fear that these foundations might well in the future be undermined, and even destroyed, by certain elements in our society who blame them for all our troubles. And I cannot help being frustrated when I think of a nation whose traditions, variety and versatility are gradually being drowned in a sea of mediocrity and levelling-down; for that I blame ourselves and our successive governments—not our 'foundations'.

Your article complains of the resiliency of the class system in Britain—yet you prove yourselves to be as class-conscious as those you condemn by your unreasoned dislike of those who influence most the nation at the present time. Every country has its élite and we are fortunate that our systems of the monarchy, the House of Lords and the public schools have, on the whole, produced men and women with a strong sense of service, leadership and honesty.

We have a Queen who sets us the finest of examples by her selfless devotion to her Commonwealth, which—whether she likes it or not—will be lifelong; who works twice as hard as most men; who puts up with a large number of invasions into and criticisms of her private life which no ordinary citizen would tolerate; and who exerts a stabilising, non-political and moral influence on the nation—these things cannot be disputed and are the envy of many lands.

As for the House of Lords, one can certainly admit the need for reform, but the comment that Britain is too full of elderly and influential men who have never stood for elective office is extraordinary. Surely one of the accepted and important reasons for retaining the Upper House is so that some of these very men, with their accumulated wisdom and experience of law, industry, the arts, religion, science, and so on, may usefully and calmly debate, without looking over their shoulders at the electorate, the legislation passed to them by the Commons.

One knows that some Socialists would like to abolish the public schools. Why? Because they are successful and produce men of character and education? They have yet to be proved bad and inefficient.

We can always 'move with the times', but we and our children would come bitterly to regret the day when the country's foundations were weakened and some of the best of our traditions were destroyed.

C. S. NOVI

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COLLINS

ARAB AND ISRAELI SOCIALISTS

SIR,—As the representative of the United Workers' Party (Mapam) of Israel, I welcome the suggestion, contained in Mr Brockway's letter published in your last issue, for discussions between Arab and Israeli Socialists. May I suggest that Mr Brockway convene an informal preparatory meeting between the respective parties at which further practical steps might be discussed?

EZRA TALMOR

37 Broadhurst Gardens
NW6

SIR,—As an Indian and a Socialist, I was happy to read the letter on Arab Socialism by Leon Szur and Fenner Brockway. The solution to the problems in the Middle East lies in peaceful co-operation. Thus, the sooner direct talks without prior conditions can be arranged between Arab and Israel Socialists, the better. If this is what Mr Michel Aflek had in mind, it is a development to be welcomed.

There is, however, a puzzling aspect of 'Al Baath' pronouncements on the Middle East, and that is the frequency with which they contradict each other. Thus only last week the speaker of the Syrian Parliament, and leader of 'Al Baath', Akram Hourani, declared according to the *New York Herald Tribune* of 12 November that any Arab hand extended to conclude peace with Israel should be amputated.

Can it be that there is one policy for home consumption and another for people abroad? And if so, in which does 'Al Baath' really believe?

P. S. GOURGEY

63 Hamilton Terrace
NW8

BRITAIN AND THE H-BOMB

SIR,—When I read Mr. Priestley's wonderful article on Britain and nuclear bombs a few weeks ago I, too (like Mr Edward Hyams), felt like cheering. I sat down to write a letter thanking him, on behalf of many people like myself, for his magnificent outspokenness. But I didn't. I am not a great writer, thinker, politician or scientist. Why should anyone publish or bother to read my letter? Then I read Mr Hyams' letter and no longer felt like cheering. Instead, he made it imperative for me to write and say: 'For goodness' sake let's do something to make our politicians take notice'.

Mr Hyams, I am sure, has hit the nail on the head when he speaks of our feelings of inadequacy against the men we have set up to represent us. That, surely, is a primary reason for young people's inertia today. (I speak from first-hand experience, as I am 22.) We feel outclassed, that we don't count, that politicians and business men have the whole world taped and will carry on regardless of our feelings and wishes, creating tensions, and testing bigger and better nuclear bombs. But please, Mr Hyams, *don't* shrug your shoulders. What hope there is for my generation may depend on the lead of such distinguished individuals as yourself. Given that lead many of my age would respond, in Mr Priestley's words, to 'something great and noble in its intention'.

JENIFER JACKSON

Orchard House
Woodbridge
Suffolk

SIR,—Edward Hyams has fallen into the prevalent mood of cynical apathy in which politicians seem to be mere seekers after power. This is a dangerous mood, conducive to the spread of semi-Fascist movements. The notion that parliament is unresponsive to public feeling is an insult to British democracy, and is conjured up as another excuse for inaction. Politicians are no more insincere or corrupt than the rest of us, and it is quite wrong to suppose that it is useless for the individual to write to his MP or to visit him.

For a long time we cranks in the peace movement have been aware of the danger that Britain might start a queue of powers all armed with 'ultimate weapons'. We have advocated international agreement to stop testing and making more nuclear weapons, and we have pointed out that, since disarmament cannot take place in an atmosphere of suspicion, it is essential to formulate policies that will reduce friction between the two main power blocs. Most sensible people have now come to agree with us. If our aims are not yet realised, the fault does not lie with MPs or with remote persons in authority, but with the vast number osf timid conformists who hate to come out into the open for fear of being thought odd. We must not put the blame on others. It is we, as individuals, who are responsible for stopping the drift to nuclear war.

S. W. GREEN

43 Wulfstan Way
Cambridge

KENYA CONSTITUTION

SIR,—Progressive-minded people of Kenya are obliged to you for your front page article in your issue of 16 November.

Though there are many points in the Lennox-Boyd constitutional proposals to be discarded with detailed reasons, and by suggesting alternative proposals, there is at least one point which needs stress and which could be a turning point in the history of Kenya. You have rightly said 'the Africans will make their goal—and in our view rightly—a single-vote, universal-suffrage democracy for Africans, Asians and Europeans, with the right in the long term to independence and self-determination. As a statement of aim, this is politically and morally unchallengeable'. And to achieve this goal requires a beginning to be made somewhere.

The new proposals create 12 so-called non-racial seats (though distributed on racial lines) to be elected by the electoral college consisting of the whole Legislative Council. Taking into consideration the composition of the Council the four each of African and Asian members thus to be elected would be the stooges of European-cum-government groups.

These 12 seats could have been created as common-roll seats, and then one could have named them as 'non-racial' seats. By common-roll I do not mean

Central African type common-roll. I mean common-roll based on single-vote, universal-suffrage. This could have been a right beginning for introducing a common-roll in Kenya. Later the number of common-roll seats could be increased and the number of communal seats decreased, until no communal seat is left.

Here is the opportunity for the Labour Party to make clear its position on this point, so that people of Kenya know where they stand.

K. P. SHAH

Box 2565,
Nairobi

SIR,—Critic's comment on the best tactics for the African leaders in Kenya is based upon two fallacies. The first is the *non-sequitur*, common in left-wing circles in Europe, that because, in Europe, 'mere political power' without economic power proved illusory, colonial peoples should not bother to seek political power. We Africans think differently, having seen 'mere political power' being used in East, Central and South Africa to impose colour bars, to put our people in detention camps, and to smash our trade unions. In Kenya it is the 'mere political power' of the settlers which enables them to exclude Africans from the White Highlands and to prevent the ending of the emergency. The second fallacy is that because long-term victory is inevitable (which is not true, anyway, because settlers are still going to Kenya and their guns are better than Mau-Mau's home-made ones), the present leaders should tamely acquiesce in the establishment of white domination.

Mr. Lennox-Boyd's reforms provided no assurance that the drift toward settled domination would cease. Especially, they enabled the governor, if he so wished, to cancel doubly the increase in African representation by helping the settlers to elect as aldermen 12 multi-coloured pro-settler dummies; they still required African participation in a cabinet in which settler ministers outnumbered Africans by four to two and in which the vital portfolios like agriculture went to settlers, while Africans would be allowed to administer minor social services; and finally Mr. Lennox-Boyd failed, when challenged, to give an undertaking that the long-term destiny of Kenya would be full democracy.

Those of us with homes farther south who know where settled domination leads, have anxiously watched Tom Mboya's tactics hoping that he, at least, would not sell the pass. His relative success in frustrating the pro-settled Lyttelton plan gives us hope of an eventual turning of the tide throughout settler Africa.

I may perhaps add, sir, lest I be accused of black nationalism, that I write as a white-skinned African.

JOHN REX

West Riding Council for African Affairs

SOUTH AFRICAN GARMENT WORKERS

SIR,—Under the pretext of safeguarding the economic welfare of the white race, Jan de Klerk, Minister of Labour in the Strydom government, is about to deprive 35,000 African, Coloured and Indian garment workers of their jobs and livelihood. Over a million non-white workers in other industries and occupations are similarly threatened. There has never been inter-racial competition for jobs between white and non-white and there are no whites available to replace the dismissed non-white workers. The action of the minister has been prompted solely by political considerations and is a despicable attempt to promote race hatred in order to secure votes for the Nationalist Party in the general election early next year.

Not only are the masses of non-Europeans indignant, but even the overwhelming majority of white workers have protested against the reservation of jobs on racial lines. The South African Trade Union Council, with an affiliated membership of 150,000, mostly white, has started a fund to assist the garment workers who will be thrown out of work.

May I appeal to all friends of African freedom and opponents of racial oppression, to all trade unions and trade unionists to respond generously to this appeal. The address of the Council and the fund is:

P.O. Box 5592
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(Secretary: Miss Dulcie M. Hartwell)

Donors who care to send moneys to me may be assured that these will be promptly transmitted to the Council.

E. S. SACHS

64 Belsize Park, NW3

WHAT BECAME OF HAROLD?

SIR,—In your last issue I see an article by Mr J. P. W. Mallalieu, MP, entitled 'What became of Harold' which includes the following political curiosity: 'But Macmillan is finding increasing difficulty in resolving this difficulty over bottles of port at White's, and both the empties and the discontent accumulate'. Apart from the slipshod writing, what surprises me is that Mr Mallalieu refers to the Prime Minister and White's without telling us whether Mr Macmillan is in fact a member of this club, and if not, how often he goes there.

I should also like to hear more about the 'empties'. Where do the 'empties' accumulate? Is there a great row of them on the sideboard? Or are they left lying around under the billiard table? Surely Mr Mallalieu should tell us more about these Hogarthian aspects of contemporary life in St James's Street.

A political reporter as industrious and accurate as Mr Mallalieu must surely be acquainted with such facts and it seems ungenerous of him not to put your readers more fully into the picture. I for one would like to hear more.

RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL

Stour, East Bergholt
Suffolk

[J. P. W. Mallalieu writes: 'Mr Churchill will not, I think, be surprised if I do not take his questions very seriously. He should know that, ever since a famous incident which occurred on its steps, White's Club has had a special place in left-wing demonology. It epitomises Tory clubmanship, and I hope that I did not insult Mr Macmillan in linking his name with it—or by marking the passage of time with a row of equally symbolic empties. In fact his clubs are listed in *Who's Who* as the Carlton, Turf, Pratt's, Beefsteak and Buck's.' —ED., NS.]

GEORGE III AND THE HISTORIANS

SIR,—I did not intend that my *George III and the Historians* should so ungraciously press Professor Pares on the subject of the recognition that scholars ought to give to the discoveries and insights of their precursors. I was primarily interested to learn what things had in fact proved attainable before the emergence of the new technique; and I felt that the precursors of the Namier school had been condemned too much. Professor Pares's very proper remarks about the grading of evidence, on the other hand, seem to me to bring us to the edge of a real problem. The evidence for the various types of consideration upon which men take political action may be more difficult to handle than the evidence for their material interests. There is exact documentation for ancient property-transactions of my college, but the field becomes more tricky if I inquire about the role of the college in the Renaissance. According to my impression of what tends to happen in the history of thought, it will be tempting to form an intellectual system out of the material that is safe and hard, losing some of the more imponderable things because the evidence for them is more fluid or more elusive. The imponderables tend to evaporate, therefore; yet if we neglect the considerations that move men in their political action, our over-all picture of the political world may not be right. I should wonder, for example therefore, whether all that is possible is being done to see what can be scientifically established from even low kinds of evidence, such as political propaganda, having in mind the kind of political world which such propaganda presumes.

H. BUTTERFIELD

Peterhouse, Cambridge

The sack and the saddlebag

A merchant rode to market with a large Sack and a small Saddlebag. 'Miserable little Saddlebag', boasted the Sack. 'My contents will fetch far more money than yours!' But as it turned out, the Sack was filled with potatoes which fetched only a few shillings: the Saddlebag, filled with diamonds, sold for a fortune.
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Christmas Books Supplement—1

BLAKE THE RADICAL

WILLIAM BLAKE'S reputation and his public have grown many times over since the centenary in 1927 of his death. In that year, the Nonesuch Press published both Mona Wilson's new *Life of Blake*, and Sir Geoffrey Keynes's edition of all his writings in one volume. About half of that volume consists of symbolic works, which are as forbidding to read as Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and more difficult to interpret; yet it has outsold all other Nonesuch poets including, for example, John Donne and Walt Whitman. Now the Press celebrates the bicentenary of Blake's birth by publishing, also in one volume, the full edition of his writings with variant readings, which Sir Geoffrey Keynes edited in 1925, and to which he has added new finds and new notes*. This beautiful book will make many new readers look closely at Blake's work and, what is as arresting, his way of working. And it is as much a book for occasional readers as for scholars, for its detail brings Blake to life as a man, impulsive yet of a piece, and many-sided yet single-minded.

Meanwhile, Blake studies have become strangely divided. The young men who revered the forgotten poet in his last years, and many of the later Victorians who re-discovered him, were Christians with a mystical cast of mind; and ever since, there has been a touch of the crank about Blake enthusiasts. Foolish commentaries on his symbolism still jostle with the profound, and it remains difficult to sift the terrible lucidities of the paranoiacs from those of the scholars.

At the same time, the work of recent years has proved that the accepted picture of Blake as an isolated and unworldly mystic is false. He was a man of lively and robust mind, he understood the disasters of his day better than Fanny Burney and Adam Smith, he read newspapers and the classics with equal gusto, and he put them all into his idiom. Since I first demonstrated these wide references in Blake's writings in 1944, the evidence has grown impressively. Professor David Erdman, in particular, has shown how often Blake was recalling events in his own experience, and Miss Kathleen Raine has shown how often he was recalling his reading in the neo-Platonists and others.

Miss Raine contributes a characteristic study to *The Divine Vision*†, and there are other informative essays, such as that by H. M. Margoliouth. But their realistic approach is shared by few of the contributors. Most of these go on as Blake addicts have done so long, following their own fancies—Hindu mythology, or an exaggerated correspondence with the works of Milton, or whatever private foible seems to find a match in the inexhaustible rummage-bag of Blake. It is difficult to criticise such essays except in detail, and I must be content with one example. I will choose the essay by the editor, Professor Pinto.

The greater part of this essay was printed as it now stands thirteen years ago. Its point then was to trace a likeness between some of Blake's *Songs of Innocence and of Experience* and the *Divine Songs for the use of Children* of Isaac Watts. This general likeness to Watts had been remarked in John Sampson's edition of Blake in 1905, and was not new even then. Professor Pinto elaborates it, very justly, in one or two minor lyrics. He then goes on to try to trace it also in Blake's *London*. This is an extraordinary endeavour. For *London* is a poem of revulsion against Church and State in which Blake is wholly engaged, and which is wholly alien to Watts. It is characterised by the powerful and permanent symbols of Blake's maturity—the mind-forg'd manacles, which are clamped on one hand by the black'ning Church and the Marriage hearse, and on the other by the Palace walls running with the blood of a Soldier's sigh. To believe that such a poem derives from Watts shows a dizzy lack of sensitiveness to Blake's symbols and sense together.

To these reflections of 1944, Professor Pinto has now added five pages about Mrs Anna Letitia Barbauld, who published in 1781, with the Radical publisher Joseph Johnson who befriended Blake, a small book of *Hymns in Prose for Children*. The echoes of Mrs Barbauld which Professor Pinto finds in Blake are also not new; Professor Erdman had already pointed to most of them. More remarkably, Professor Pinto seems to have little notion who Mrs Barbauld was, and what she stood for. Mrs Barbauld was the daughter of that John Aikin who directed for most of its short life the greatest of the dissenting Academies—Warrington Academy, founded in the year of Blake's birth. Her brother, the younger John Aikin, was first a student and then a tutor at Warrington Academy; he was one of the humanist scientists of dissent, well known as a writer in medicine and in literature; and he wrote a good deal with his sister. At Warrington Academy Mrs Barbauld met her husband; she learnt to know the most famous of its tutors, Joseph Priestley, who came to teach languages and turned to science there; and she became the close friend of his wife, herself the sister of another Warrington pupil, William Wilkinson, the future iron-master.

These connections show Mrs Barbauld's place in the tradition of Unitarian dissent, which first flowered and then withered in Blake's lifetime. In the earlier generation of Isaac Watts, there was a single line of nonconformity, which was essentially Puritan. The line led from Isaac Watts, however, more directly to the revivalism of John Wesley than to the dissenting Academies. By the time that Wesley sided with the Tory Government during the American War of Independence, from 1775 onwards, the two branches of nonconformity were in blunt opposition, spiritually and politically. Professor Pinto finds the chief interest of Mrs Barbauld's book 'in the fact that it is the last link in a tradition of popular poetry for children which goes back to the seventeenth century'. But this is to lose all sense of intellectual parentage in the search for literary parentage. To lump Watts with Mrs Barbauld is like lumping Stalin (or better, Lenin) with Trotsky.

I traced the ambivalent relation of Blake to the two branches of nonconformity in two chapters in my book in 1944. Blake's friendships and sympathies lay with the Unitarian wing of dissent—what we should now call the humanists and Radicals. Simply to call him a Christian, as most of the contributors to *The Divine Vision* do, shows a grey indifference to doctrine and history. As much as Priestley, Blake was a Christian heretic, and he remained one to the end of his life. Indeed, Blake's heresy was more extreme than that of most Unitarians, for he regarded the God of the Old Testament as an oppressor from whom mankind had to be delivered by the coming of Christ the child.

This cult of the rebel child in Blake, moreover, does not derive only from Christian symbolism. It reaches out, through his Radical friends, to Rousseau and the French Revolution. This is how Blake came to write the happy *Songs of Innocence* in the mood of optimism of 1789, and to add the bitter *Songs of Experience* only in the reaction of 1794.

Here, surely, is the kinship which makes Blake so round and neighbourly to modern readers. He grew up during the American Revolution, when all Englishmen he knew were at one with the rebels. He kept his sympathy with revolt during the French Revolution, and was shocked to find England turn to reaction. His Swedenborgian friends Flaxman and Butts tried to keep him quiet by sending him into the country in 1800; but the outcome of that was that he got into a fight with a soldier, and was tried for sedition in 1804. Thereafter Blake's hatred of Church and State became more resigned and formal, and was expressed in poems where the struggles are in the spirit rather than in the world. Yet through all these poems there sound the iron footsteps of the modern age: war, oppression, the machine, poverty and the loss of personality. Readers who turn his crowded pages at random sense this as much in the symbolic books as in a letter which sneers at Pitt or a marginal note which sides with Tom Paine. This is the prophetic power of Blake: that he felt the coming disasters of war, empire and industry in his bloodstream, long before politicians and economists shivered at their shadows.

J. BRONOWSKI

* *The Complete Writings of William Blake with all the Variant Readings*. Edited by GEOFFREY KEYNES. *Nonesuch Press*. 3gns.

† *The Divine Vision*. Edited by VIVIAN DE SOLA PINTO. *Gollancz*. 25s.

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From the Greek Anthology. By DUDLEY FITTS. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Two Satyr Plays. Translated by ROGER LANCELYN GREEN. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

It is difficult not to feel guilty about the Greeks. We know very well we owe to them our conception of a civilised society as one in which each man's powers can be realised to the full. The Greek experience was that this could happen only in a small community of like-minded men who were themselves responsible for the government of the state. Having inherited an industrial Megalopolis which is forced to present the good life for the many as consisting in production and consumption, we feel guilty for clinging to some corner of the Greek-thinking Establishment and hoping that the others will be happy with ITV. No wonder the single piece of twentieth-century literature about the Greeks which has gone straight to our hearts is Louis MacNeice's poem in *Autumn Journal*: '. . . When I should consider the paragons of Hellas, I think instead

> Of the crooks, the adventurers, the opportunists,
> The careless athletes and the fancy boys,
> The hair-splitters, the pedants, the hard-boiled sceptics.
> And the Agora and the noise. . . .

Sir Maurice Bowra, lately Vice-Chancellor of a University where the life of strenuous action is available to each according to his ability and prizes go to the eager and the bold, is able to contemplate the Greek paragons without blinking. He does so with solemn delight, like Apollo leading the Muses, and never loosing off one of those arrows of witty destruction he is famed for in private life. His theme is Greek thought in all its most notable expressions and Greek life in so far as patches of it corresponded to their ideals. The 'exceptions' of MacNeice's poem are mentioned in passing from one excellence to the next. *The Greek Experience* is a masterpiece of encyclopædic planning in which everything is touched with simplicity and boldness in a style as clear as the Greek light. Sir Maurice Bowra's devotion to poetry enables him to clinch every point with a fresh and personal quotation (as in that splendid fragment from Euripides on the pleasures of science) and to translate it with a lucid decency that comes curiously close to the original. He makes it clearer than ever that Greek eminence was founded upon the heroic notion 'that a man should live for honour and renown and play his part with style and proper pride among men as notable as himself'. Whether we want this bronze-age culture to go on biting us is another matter. In this important Hellenic Cruise (personally directed by an Olympian) we cannot help gazing with new excitement at the intellectual and plastic achievements of men who believed in excellence but feared excess. Just once or twice I enjoyed detecting an echo, loud as the ping on an old-fashioned Asdic, from a submerged Report on Old Members of the College: 'What we feel about a dying warrior on a pediment from Aegina' is not in fact '. . . exalted delight' but – Who the hell stuck that awful head on it?

For the seventy years that followed the repulse of Persia early in the fifth century, the Athenian democracy engendered in its free male citizens a confidence that they alone of all the communities of the world were free to develop the best that was in them. In so far as the excellences they considered were those of self-realisation in a life of action they were quite right, as is witnessed by the most admirable display of the public arts of drama and sculpture the world has seen. Because the good life of the Athenians was based upon the tribute and the trade of a precarious empire, they spent the last thirty years of the century in fighting and gradually losing the Peloponnesian War. Aristophanes was a reactionary moralist. He disliked changes in music and drama, believing that they are the beginning of the end. He longed for the old Athens in which men and gods lived in wooden houses and farming, not trade, was the staple. The things he stood for did not need an empire, so in relation to the Peloponnesian War he was a pacifist. Among the plays he wrote for the urban society of Imperial Athens are three pacifist comedies, *The Acharnians*, *The Peace* and *Lysistrata*, suggesting peace through private agreement, through a Pan-Hellenic union of farmers, and through sex. Any peace-play should interest the mid-twentieth century. These three, translated by Mr Dickinson pretty accurately into speakable dramatic verse, have the additional excitement of carrying us straight into 'the Agora and the noise' and into that paragon world where the Old Comedy could be shared by the whole male population (it was not a woman's world) and be in a single unity wise, malicious, phallic, farcical and holy. Before the recovery of poetry in the theatre, in the line from Eliot through Auden and Fry, it was impossible to translate Aristophanes into anything but mock-archaic or Gilbertese. Mr Dickinson is a good enough poet to manage everything with acceptable verve, though there are some touches of public-school refinement in his demotic speech. The American Mr Dudley Fitts in his *Lysistrata* often has the edge on him here, but he uses contemporary terms that take us away from the Agora, while Mr Dickinson keeps us inside it.

Mr Fitts now publishes some versions made fifteen years ago from the Greek Anthology. He then believed in trying 'to restate in my own idiom what the Greek verses have meant to me' and in deploying his words in imagist spaces:

> Rose-girl, rose of a girl, tell me
> What will you sell me?
> Your Roses?
> Yourself?
> Or Both?

In this manner he has contrived to make admirably fresh and moving versions of a good many great poems. As for the satirical epigrams, they seem to have been waiting patiently for Mr Fitts to rescue them in an Ogden Nash style. I wish I had space to do more than merely recommend this book as the nicest Christmas present – liked at once.

It is sad that the two surviving comedies by tragedians, the Satyr Plays, should have been translated into rhymed iambic verse of no merit but the important one of clarity. For the plays have the agreeable silliness of fun without any message at all.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Recent Penguin Books include Conrad's *Under Western Eyes* (3s. 6d.) and Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks* (7s. 6d.) in the 1902 translation. *From Blake to Byron*, Vol. 5 of the Pelican Guide to English Literature, edited by Boris Ford, includes contributions by D. W. Harding (Blake and Shelley), John Speirs (Burns) and Patrick Cruttwell (Sir Walter Scott) – (Penguin, 3s. 6d.).

Shrewd, Competent Georgina

Georgina Hogarth and the Dickens Circle. By ARTHUR A. ADRIAN. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

In a certain field of literary scholarship, the American scholar is supreme. He is tireless in research, remorseless in using his discoveries down to the last millimetre. Not for him the feeble decision to throw something away because it is tedious or adds nothing of importance to the final picture: in it all goes, no matter what. Mr Adrian, Associate Professor of English at Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, needs every bit of information he has gathered about the life of Georgina Hogarth (forty-seven years of it) after Dickens's death: for to tell the truth, nothing much happened to her at all. Her life closed once before its close, not, like Emily Dickinson's, twice. When he died, there was nothing left for her but to pick up the pieces. She had his ne'er-do-well children to care for—all pretty useless, except for Katey and Henry Fielding; they had been unlucky in their genes. She had the 'beloved memory' to tend, and the Dickens Fellowship to adorn. She had, presumably, an eye to keep on the latter years of Ellen Ternan; though almost nothing has survived about that. Georgina was cautious: she was a clam. She was extremely careful what she said and what she wrote. How lucky for her circle! How unlucky for posterity!

Yet out of this book, which should be read in conjunction with Edgar Johnson's *Dickens*, a very thorough picture emerges of a woman who could not, except by the most over-heated flight of imagination, be fitted into a romantic context. She was a simple sort of girl, shrewd and competent. 'The hint of vulgarity, the burgeoning vitality of Cockneydom that the mature Jane Carlyle had detected in the host and his table very likely impressed the inexperienced Georgina as enviable exuberance and luxury.' No doubt it did: that is what, to her, it must have been. 'Here the very candles rose each out of an artificial rose! Good God!' exclaimed Mrs Carlyle. It was not at all her kind of life. And probably the joy of it to Georgina lay in the fact that it wasn't her kind, either. It was exciting to be involved in such a life, and with such a man: more exciting to find herself increasingly necessary to him.

When the separation came and the rage of scandal broke out, Georgina was condemned for refusing to leave him; yet, as Professor Adrian points out, there wasn't much else she could do. Her own family was hostile to her; there wasn't anyone she could have married but Augustus Egg; and it would have been unreasonable to expect her to go out lonely on her own, to earn a living as a governess. In any case, Dickens couldn't do without her: and that was enough.

There are three photographs on one page, depressingly revealing. Dickens looking haggard and wretched; his wife looking like a marble slug; Ellen Ternan looking like a determined slyboots with a pitiless eye to the main chance. What made Georgina not merely stand by Nelly, but make a warm friend of her? A passion of love so devoted that it could bring the beloved object into the arms of another, if that would make him happy? Not a bit of it; or one doesn't think so.

No: what seems most likely is that Georgina had 'become a sister to him' in a real sense. She loved him as she might have done had she really

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been his sister instead of his sister-in-law; she would no more have thought about him as a lover than he would have thought about her in the same way. She doubtless admired him for, among other things, his endurance. He was a very poor picker of women, and poor Catherine must have driven him mad; yet when the crisis came, no credit seems to have been given him by anyone for putting up with things for twenty years. Natures like his often run to the same pattern: good behaviour, under strain, for a very long period, and then the uncontrollable explosion, the violent getaway with every appearance of caddish cruelty, the tremendous, angry upheaval of a life like a whale breaking the ocean for a breather.

What Georgina, that most cautious of women, really thought about it all we can only guess; but Professor Adrian's admirable documentation brings out her flavour, and guessing doesn't seem a particularly wild activity. Like all biographers of the first class, he tries to see his subject as she would have seen herself: to see her in the 'ordinary' light in which she would have appeared to herself. And she comes clearly and unsensationally out of it all, the real Georgina, the 'little housekeeper' with the iron grip and the steady mind.

Her sense of duty to Dickens's private life, in those forty-seven years, has cost us much. As Professor Adrian implies, she has kept us from knowing far more than we now do of the darker and more profound side of the writer who came out with it in Steerforth, Rosa Dartle, Bradley Headstone. But she wanted to keep the best of him alive; and it would be absurd to complain that she should have shown a scholar's detachment and presented us with the lot. Most of us, were we the literary executors of beloved and renowned relations, would hesitate, even in these days, to tip out the whole linen-basket.

One would be hard to put to it to make the case that Georgina's life, after Dickens died, provides particularly interesting reading. Hamlet without the prince would be a flat play, no matter how many fascinating new details came to light about the domestic life of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; the mass of detail about Georgina tells us nothing more than that she was a strong-willed, loyal old body who knew how to keep everyone's end up. There are some attractive stories; one about poor Charley making an ass of himself at the auction sale, another about Georgina's furious reaction to the suggestion that the 'beloved Dead' should degrade himself by communicating with the living, by means of paid mediums 'performing antics' with chairs and tables. Charles, she maintained, would have been perfectly capable of reaching his friends *directly*, if it had seemed to him desirable to do so. One doesn't doubt it, and one doesn't doubt her. In this book of skilled, devoted and honourable scholarship she comes fully alive: not an interesting woman, perhaps, certainly not a romantic one, but a woman worthy to have her word, if not accepted as the last one, at least believed.

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Salazar Land

Portugal. By ROY CAMPBELL. *Reinhardt*. 21*s*.
Portugal. By J. B. TREND. *Benn*. 27*s*.

Roy Campbell's book is neither a guide to the regions of Portugal nor a history. In his last years the poet settled on a farm near Cabo de Roca, did his excellent translations from the Spanish and Portuguese and kept his persecution mania and his paranoia alive. His Portugal is

> a national and human oasis . . . in a Europe whose nations are rapidly becoming dehumanised, denationalised and stereotyped as machine-fodder under the persuasion of American commercial capitalism and the coercion of Soviet state-capitalism, both of which subordinate the human soul and body to abstract, academic considerations of economics, technology and science.

Two 'miracles' have saved the country: the appearance of the genius of Salazar 'and the perfectly provable appearance of the Mother of God, the snake-treader, Eve, at Fatima'. The 'freemasons' who tried to cast doubt on this event used torture on the child witnesses and threatened to boil them in oil. Torture and killing are a special relish of this writer and about them he speaks like a *femme fatale* interviewed by the Sunday Press. ('When I told George Orwell whom I had previously wounded. . .' *à propos* the pleasure of using arrows for killing English homosexuals in the Spanish war; 'I had hardly finished wiping my bayonet on the grass. . . .' *à propos* killing a number of Anarchists, 'most of whom' suffered from syphilitic G.P.I.). This is the language of a disordered old lady, not of a man. Spain provoked it; Portugal is tamer. Under the rule of Big Sister, Campbell had to content himself with the milder pleasures of an agricultural police state and to enjoy writing freely in his own language in a country where the native writers were censored. Campbell's political and social views are either trashy or slapdash in an open-air way; something is due, I suppose, to the colonial chip. Fascists were people who wanted colonialism in their own countries. He was aware of the 'surface culture' of White Africa; he often confused the nasty violence of shallow societies with the primitive, skilful violence of the hunter. He spoke in his autobiography, I seem to recollect, of his need to re-create in himself the whole of history. There is an engaging side to this egotism; he has to be everything from Homer to the man who was first to spot the Piltdown fraud years ago, by merely glancing at a photograph. He has grown —'the officials say'—the best wheat in the neighbourhood; he has only once been swindled by a gypsy horse-dealer, but—did he get his own back! He is one of the few who has the knack of throwing a bull, and so on. He loved Portugal and its sensitive and diffident people; but, as an expatriate, he turned to tribal and religious chauvinism, in order to cover his escape from his own community.

Yet, when we have allowed for the vulgar Celtic inflation and the plain nastiness, he has written a vivid and intimate account of Portuguese life as he came across it. He loved animal nature. We get delightful pictures of the horse fairs and bull-raising pastures. It was original of him to skip the architecture and to write of the culture of the olive, the orange and the lemon. He has written as well as anyone about the mysterious origin of the Lisbon fado; and the Portuguese and ourselves are in his debt for his translations of the lyrical poets and above all for his renderings of Camoens.

There is nothing so dulling as political anger, but once it has passed, Campbell comes freshly and with sincere feeling to the natural gifts of the Portuguese. These have been commonly underrated in England, chiefly because our relations with the country have been in the hands of the British commercial classes who are notorious all over the world for their indifference to the spiritual life of the countries they trade in. The present dictatorship is another barrier. We do not need to deny that Portugal has excellent motor-roads—with hardly any cars on them—and fine buildings which are far more agreeable than the pretentious stuff that has ruined by now a large number of the Spanish cities; but I know no educated Portuguese, outside the official class, who is not alarmed by the cultural and intellectual sterility of the regime, who is not dismayed by the advances of clericalism and who is not embarrassed by being ruled, for so long, by an accountant.

Campbell does not write about the educated classes; he enjoyed, as all must, the dignity, stoicism and deep knowledge of the peasants, but without noticing that they and the industrial workers in acquiescent Lisbon and revolutionary Oporto have about the lowest standard of life in Europe. The Portuguese have shown great powers of initiative and courage in their history, as Campbell eloquently reminds us, and what he writes about this is not mere rhetoric; what they have done in Brazil is one of the major achievements of the New World. It is odd that this romantic African Scot should want a people of strong adventurous traditions to stagnate in a clerical farm. That stagnation can hardly last in a country under the pressure of a greatly increasing population. The rice fields of Salazar, the cult at Fatima and the adroit disposal of opponents cannot cope with that.

'One of the great lessons of Portugal to a battered world is good manners,' Professor J. B. Trend remarks at the beginning of his useful short history. It is not a chronology of kings and battles, but a sound attempt to put the main formative events in the Portuguese past before our eyes. The book is a corrective to Campbell's. Professor Trend admires Salazar as an administrator but is well aware of his severities; he thinks the leading political appointments have been good but that the real corrupting effect of the dictatorship has been in the lower ranks. In the universities first-class men have been replaced by second-

rate, acquiescent figures; the same has occurred in Spain. Clerical infiltration, intellectual paralysis, a low standard of life for the peasants – and Portugal is overwhelmingly a peasant country, with very much a peasant-formed outlook on the world – have to be put against the gains in orderly administration. The Portuguese get less attention than the Spaniards from us, because they are not subject to as much violent unrest. The cause does not lie in passivity of temperament, but (as Professor Trend suggests) in the fact that the Portuguese recovered from the Napoleonic wars by dint of hard labour and the liberal spirit of a maritime tradition. The Spaniards did not recover. The peculiarity of the Portuguese gift to the world is traced to its historical sources by an author who has escaped the fanaticism with which the Iberian world often infects its interpreters.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Pardon Me, Your Mike is Showing!

The Spy's Bedside Book. Edited by GRAHAM GREENE and HUGH GREENE. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*

Writing with the full authority of one who was for a time the third most dangerous man in W.14 I have no hesitation in describing this little book as indispensable. The Greene brothers (for such is the name under which they are now passing) have had the brilliant idea of compiling a short manual in the form of selected passages from the great classics of espionage, and, as in no department of human activity does life so sedulously copy art, have rightly drawn upon fact as well as fiction. Thus the well-stored memories of Sir Compton Mackenzie, Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, the late Lord Baden-Powell and other flesh-and-blood virtuosi have proved as fruitful a source of instruction and entertainment as the lively imaginations of Mr Ian Fleming and the late, ever-to-be-lamented, William le Queux. The result will be regarded, from the Ballplatz to the Nevsky Prospekt, as splendidly filling a long-felt want.

While no one could accuse the authors of having unduly limited their sources, there are inevitably one or two glaring omissions. Personally I could hardly master my disappointment after searching in vain for any trace of Clubfoot, and the absence of Seton Merriman (invaluable for the pioneering days) from the list of authorities is likely to cause widespread regret; nowhere more keenly felt, one fancies, than in Printing House Square. However, the selected passages conveniently arranged under various specialised headings, 'For Beginners', 'Some Simple Disguises', etc., cover almost every aspect of the traditional routine, although some may consider that so important a subject as 'Dirty Work on the Wagon-lit' would have merited rather more extensive investigation. As it is, the tenderfoot on the Orient Express, eager for hints, will skim these pages in vain when he discovers the commercial traveller from Smyrna dead in the bunk above, midway between Skolpje and Belgrade.

When, as assuredly they will be, further editions of this work are called for, may one express the hope that they will be rather more generously illustrated? How vividly would the message of the text be reinforced by a snapshot of Sir Compton Mackenzie on the job in Athens, black-cloaked and dogged by his faithful evzones! And stills from such masterpieces of the screen as *The Lady Vanishes, F.P.I Antwortet Nicht,* and *L'Espionne aux yeux noirs,* would surely be as inspiring for the beginner as they would undoubtedly be

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nostalgic to the old hands. In particular one or two shots of that great actor Gustaf von Seifertitz from some of the innumerable films rendered memorable by his performance as the Chief of the *K.u.K Geheimpolizei* would be invaluable.

One hopes, too, that the authors will take the opportunity of expanding those sections founded on actual experience. For surely the time has now come when the true facts of such cases as the Bomb in the Pera Palace, or the Killer Colonel of Duke St, may safely be given to the public? On second thoughts, perhaps it has not. For I have just noticed, as I sit writing these lines in a small conditorei on the Ringstrasse within a bomb's throw of the Kriegsministerium, that a familiar figure imperfectly disguised as Oliver Edwards is watching me closely from behind the inadequate cover of the Omnibus edition of the Hundred Best Books. . . . *'Kellner! Noch ein Micky Finn bitte!* MI5 rides again!'

OSBERT LANCASTER

Three Out of Three

Grock, King of Clowns. By GROCK. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

Edwardian Portraits. By W. S. ADAMS. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s.*

Gilbert: His Life and Strife. By HESKETH PEARSON. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

Gifted performers have seldom the ability or wish to put in writing any of the secrets of their trade but Grock is an exception. He has much of value to tell about timing, gesture, miming, laughter, and the invention and gradual perfection of those miraculous pieces of stage business – the tiny violin brought on in the enormous trunk, the pushing of the piano nearer to the stool, the eye-catching white gloves (originally worn to protect a hand damaged by negligent X-ray treatment), the removing of parts of the piano and the discovery of a huge pair of stays inside it. The fortunate audiences were seeing the life's work of a comic genius paraded before them in the space of an hour, a genius who had trained devotedly from his youngest days for the circus, who could do back-somersaults at incredibly early and late ages and could play the violin, clarinet, mandolin, xylophone, trumpet, piano, guitar, flute and concertina.

For the rest, Grock's book (he was born Adrian Wettach, and of Swiss nationality) is a good average example of this kind of theatrical autobiography. It is useless to expect visual comedians to be funny on paper, but one does expect them to know what is not funny, and here there are some jokes that sit very stodgily on the page. Grock had an admirably clear idea of what he was worth at the box-office and in this respect his English experiences were not always happy: he performed at Buckingham Palace (there was the taxi to pay for, and no fee afterwards) and his relations with Sir Oswald Stoll were, to say the least of it, odd: 'During all the nine years I worked for Stoll, I never once spoke to him'. They did, however, correspond on money:

> Dear Mr Grock,—Don't forget that you have me to thank for being a star today. You really should not ask so much. Remember Shylock!

Grock, now aged 77, provides a highly bizarre story about Landru, the celebrated French wife-remover. Not guillotined at all, it seems, and was sometimes to be observed, handsomely pensioned by the French government, dining at smart restaurants in Buenos Aires. *Tiens!*

In *Edwardian Portraits* (unfortunately, a posthumously published work), Mr Adams leads his readers most agreeably through the picturesque and familiar crossing-sweepers, horse omnibuses and drunken women fighting in the spluttering light of a naphtha flare to where, upon the heights, stand the less humdrum shapes of Edward VII, Baden-Powell, Leverhulme, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt and E. D. Morel, with photographs to match (the monarch among them is seen with a triumphant foot placed upon a singularly placid and forgiving-looking four-footed beast). Mr Adams is a remarkably good purveyor of facts that are at once interesting and piquant. Can it be at all widely known that Mr Gladstone once sent the famous 'Skittles' Waters fourteen pounds of Russian tea and subsequently paid an afternoon call, presumably to test her samovar? Edward VII's tea menu is unusual: *petits fours*, preserved ginger and poached eggs. It was realised, I think, that Wilfrid Scawen Blunt married Byron's granddaughter, but not perhaps, that she, as an eccentric horsewoman, summoned the vet when herself feeling seedy or that she wore a mackintosh in bed, with a fishing hat on her head. Mr Adams is particularly good on that exuberant extrovert, Baden-Powell, the godson of Jowett and the Charterhouse schoolboy; indeed, the perpetual, waggish, inventive, jolly schoolboy who, even in the middle of the siege of Mafeking, looked about for at least one Old Carthusian with whom to celebrate Founder's Day.

'I am not by any means a thin-skinned man,' Gilbert incorrectly wrote to Clement Scott after quite an innocuous joke at the expense of one of Gilbert's less good plays, and when, some 26 years later, Scott attempted a reconciliation, making his birthday an excuse, Gilbert replied, 'I do not think that the fact that you will have achieved sixty years on the 6th October is a reason for a general jubilation. I am sixty-five and nobody seems to care'.

Not quite nobody, but certainly pretty few. Querulous episodes had been one of the main features of his life. A man who could fall out with the gentle, soothing, sympathetic Sullivan could arrange a squabble with anybody, and what a splendid lot of irritations and grievances there were – John Hare, neighbours who were noisy while raking cinders, the Kendals, sofa-stuffers, Forbes Robertson, matting-providers, Lady Normanby, yacht sellers – the list is immense, formidable and depressing. When enraged with his mother, he found it possible to begin a letter to her with 'Madam' and to end it 'I am, etc., W. S. Gilbert' (he was 'Dear Schwenck' to her, and 'yours affectionately'). Mr. Hesketh Pearson, in this excellent and fascinating biography, full of fresh material, quotes almost too many of Gilbert's sharp notes (the preoccupation with money matters is not engaging) but they are essential to a proper picture of this brilliant, irascible and, in my view, unlovable dramatist, though Mr Pearson kindly makes out for him what case he can.

In the theatre he was a martinet, but a necessary one, for team-work was virtually unknown, there was much sloppiness and under-rehearsal and the 'star' performers were all-important. The latter soon felt the lash of their author-and-producer's bitter tongue. Not for nothing had he been a Captain in the Royal Aberdeen Highlanders and barrack-square methods would serve very well. Actresses who attempted to embellish their parts were crisply dealt with:

> I understand that you interpolated several exclamations last night while Miss Repton was delivering her important speech at the end of the second act, thereby greatly impairing the effect of the speech and causing it to be indistinct and confused. I have instructed Miss Repton how to deal with the difficulty should it again arise. My instructions to her are to stop short at the first interruption, and to remain silent until that interruption has ceased – then to begin again, and should the interruption be repeated again to stop until the annoyance ceases altogether.

One would have given a great deal to have glimpsed Miss Repton's expression while awaiting the complete cessation of the annoyance.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

Once to Sinai

H. F. M. PRESCOTT

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Granite Man

Shackleton. By JAMES and MARGERY FISHER. *Barrie.* 30*s.*

During their investigations the writers circulated a questionnaire to the boys of three famous public schools and two famous grammar schools. Only a few boys remembered anything about the wreck of the *Endurance*, and one or two of them thought that Shackleton had died in the ice on that expedition. Often his achievements were identified with those of Robert Falcon Scott – indeed a few believed that he had actually reached the South Pole. . . . He was confused not only with Scott but with Greely, Franklin and Amundsen. Some thought that he was lost while flying over the North Pole, others that he was lost when climbing Everest, others that he was set adrift in a boat in the Arctic by mutineers and died of exposure.

So Margery and James Fisher write in the preface of a book that is a noble monument to a great man, nobler than either the granite headstone to his lonely South Georgia grave or the grim statue that overlooks the Exhibition Road. So towering a figure and yet so soon forgotten,

for who can draw blood from stone. They are not the first of Sir Ernest Shackleton's biographers, nor, they think, are they likely to be the last – (We offer this book . . . as an interim study of a great man) – but it is difficult for the contemporary reader to see how any later writer may do more than gild their lily. The amount of research that Mr Fisher undertook was of an extent and detail that would seem to make emulation impossible. (This was his province, while Mrs Fisher planned and wrote.) He gained access to a great bulk of unpublished diaries and letters; he interviewed practically everyone who had personal recollection of Shackleton, and recorded their conversations on tape. The presentation of the collated material is very skilful, the documentation impeccable, and throughout the long narrative Mrs Fisher travels so smooth an upland of unpretentious prose that at the end of the 500 pages I was sorry there were no more.

All that can be discovered of Shackleton's life, from his birth in 1874 until his death in 1922, the authors relate with a wealth of fine detail; they trace through the Argus eyes of diaries and descriptions written and spoken by many men the tale of his three Antarctic expeditions; they support the narrative by 71 photographs (many of beauty), 38 maps and line drawings.

Was the subject of the biography worth it all, one asks; the answer is most emphatically yes. Had Shackleton been of less strange and complex make-up one doubts if these authors would have been greatly interested in recording the details of his Antarctic exploits. It is the unfolding of that complexity that makes this book a great rather than a merely competent biography, and it is done with such sensitivity that the reader comes to identify himself with the hero in his shifting moods of ebullience, impatience, anger, jealousy, anxiety and despair, and is swept up willy-nilly into the high drama of his life.

Only here and there does the narrator appear, perhaps, to be a little didactic. 'In the last analysis, however, explorers go on expeditions because they want to reach a particular point, or because they have an obsession with a particular objective.' Some may feel that this is a first analysis rather than a last. Shackleton certainly did come to be obsessed by the South Pole as an objective, but this seems to have had its origin in the growing tensions and clashes with Scott which dominated the years between 1901 and 1913. His devouring ambition in all spheres of life; his panache and bent for publicity; his tremendous desire for leadership and mastery; his truculence and contrasting personal charm; his attitude to his wife ('He addresses her very often as "Child"' – though she was considerably older than he – . . . 'he was always to be the dominant partner in the marriage') – all these things bear the superficial stamp, anyway, of over-compensation for some real or fancied childhood inadequacy now too obliterated for a biography to uncover. Just as the ordinary oyster does not produce a pearl without an irritant, so the ordinary human personality seldom produces creation, leadership or imaginative exploration without some disturbance to its system.

When, only three days before his death from coronary thrombosis, Shackleton's last expedition sighted the first ice of the Antarctic, he wrote: 'Ah me: the years that have gone since in the pride of young manhood I first went forth to fight. I grow old and tired but must always lead on.' Whatever the compulsions that made him so, he had become in the eyes of his men 'the greatest leader that ever came on God's earth bar none'.

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MACMILLAN

Harriette's Blackmail

The Game of Hearts. Edited by LESLEY BLANCH. *Gryphon Books.* 28*s.*

In her introduction to this new edition (somewhat abbreviated) of Harriette Wilson's Memoirs Miss Blanch admits that her glamorous heroine had 'a fine disregard for exactitude'. In fact, the Memoirs of this dashing prostitute were originally published in 1825 as a blackmailing racket for which purpose truth was of not the slightest importance. The arrangement was that she should invent the stories and the publisher, Stockdale, would defend the libel actions; and they let it be known that nobody who contributed £200 would have his name mentioned. Between them they are supposed to have netted £10,000 by this transaction, including a fat lump from George IV to keep Lady Conyngham's name out. For historical and biographical research the Memoirs have always been worthless. Sir Walter Scott, who knew Harriette Wilson, reported that she was a good mimic and had exactly imitated some of her victims' ways of talking and turns of phrase. The book had a roaring success in the jolly Regency world, which was able to compare Harriette's caricatures with the originals; but its topical interest could not outlast the period and posterity cannot share the fun. Yet it has constantly been re-printed, often at a high price, just because the author was a prostitute telling tales out of school and glorying in her profession. Modern readers prepared to pay a high price for pornography are bound to be disappointed. There are no indecencies whatever to gratify sexual curiosity. By the time she wrote her famous work Harriette, at the age of forty, was solely determined to make fools out of her old customers and had lost interest in their past performances.

The present volume gives excellent value for the price. Miss Blanch has cut out some of the more boring passages, and includes an account of the courtesan down the ages, a few illustrations, and two of Harriette's letters to Byron that have come to light. It is to be hoped that amateurs of erotica at last have learnt to distinguish between Harriette Wilson and Fanny Hill.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Withered on the Stalk

Memories of a Catholic Girlhood. By MARY MCCARTHY. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

This is not a chronological account of Mary McCarthy's early youth, but a collection of eight autobiographical sketches which, with one exception, have already appeared in American magazines. In assembling them into a book she has appended notes to seven of them in which she tries to assess, over the distance of years, how much is fact, how much authentic – though possibly inaccurate – memory, how much deliberate 'working-up' for the sake of dramatic effect or literary form. She also prefaces it with an address to the reader, on the same lines, in which she gives her general views on the religion from which she has lapsed and a somewhat ambivalent account of its particular influence on herself.

In spite of her keen self-analysis and her evident desire to be honest, a faint, disquieting hint of disingenuousness pervades the whole book as if something essential had been consciously or unconsciously suppressed. Nevertheless, these eight studies make fascinating reading. Mary McCarthy's childhood was spent in disrupted and disrupting circumstances, enough to drive any clever, sensitive, acutely self-conscious creature to substitute an obsessional need for admiration for the frustrated need to be loved. When her gay, extravagant, warm-hearted parents were carried off by the 'flu epidemic of 1918, the six-year-old orphan and her three younger brothers were put in the care of a bleak aunt and a mean, cruel uncle. After five years of a Murdstone-like régime of austerity and frequent beatings (which obviously did not break her spirit), Mary herself was rescued by her rich Presbyterian grandfather and his Jewish wife with whom her life was at once pampered and lonely. On the McCarthy side her family was Catholic, but the bleak aunt and her domineering paternal grandmother were typical of the narrowest form of Irish bigotry. Nevertheless, as she states in the preface, 'it was religion that saved me' during those grim years with Uncle Myers and Aunt Margaret and 'though a desire to excel governed all my thoughts, I felt my religion very intensely and longed to serve God better than anyone else'. In the preface, she says that when she left the parochial school, 'my religion withered on the stalk'. But, in the book itself, she describes herself at the Sacred Heart convent to which she was sent by the Presbyterian grandfather, who scrupulously respected her religion, as not only still very devout but tormented with anxiety about her grandfather's soul. The loss of faith, as dramatically described in *C'est le premier pas qui coûte*, is no 'withering on the stalk' but a self-induced loss, provoked by a desperate bid to get herself 'noticed'. Whether the pretended loss did become real on that occasion, one cannot know; she admitted to having touched-up the episode in retrospect.

What is utterly convincing in her two studies of her life at the Sacred Heart convent is the description of her own situation. Her passionate desire to be admired, her delicious thrill at being told by a nun that she is 'like Lord Byron, brilliant but unsound', her knack of getting involved in impossible situations and the hopelessness of trying to explain the real facts to nuns, however kindly, could not ring more deadly true. Yet, about details of the actual Sacred Heart set-up, there is the oddest mixture of extreme accuracy, decided improbability and definite factual error. The chronology is difficult to establish but she seems to have left the Sacred Heart at twelve or thirteen and kept up the outward form of Catholic practice, though with her tongue in her cheek, during her education in secular schools.

Each section of the book is vivid and lively: occasionally slick but more often sharply perceptive. One of the most penetrating is the exquisitely funny and oddly moving account of her brief intellectual honeymoon with a dour Scots Latin mistress, based on the discovery of their common devotion to Cæsar. In this, as in the final wonderful portrait of her self-worshipping Jewish grandmother, Mary McCarthy is at her best.

ANTONIA WHITE

Round-Up

Land and Sea Tales

Most complex animal behaviour is highly stereotyped for a given species, but on two lines of evolution there has been a marked development away from standardisation towards greater plasticity of behaviour for each individual. One line is that of the vertebrates, culminating in ourselves, the other is one class of the *Mollusca*, the *Cephalopoda*, of which the familiar extant forms are the squids and octopus. F. W. Lane, in *The Kingdom of the Octopus* (Jarrolds, 30s.), describes these creatures – their zoological status, their appearance (often bizarre, sometimes beautiful), their food, enemies and movement; their extraordinary colours (which change, in some species, with 'mood'), their attacks on divers and, finally, the evidence, some acceptable, on the subject of giant squids. Octopus and squids resemble more familiar beasts not only in their power of learning (which makes them tameable), but also in their apparent 'emotionality': they can behave as if enraged, or as if maddened by frustration; some blush deeply when copulating. Giant squids grow to fifty-seven feet in length, including the tentacles, and there is evidence for much more formidable individuals still; they may weigh more than twice as much as a heavy cart-horse, and they undoubtedly have fights with whales. Mr Lane has given a readable and accurate account, with 80 photographs (14 in colour) and biography of 900 entries.

Two other books with marine themes make comfortable reading from an armchair. Alan Villiers, in *The Western Ocean* (Museum Press, 30s.), recounts with gusto the history of man's sailing, steaming and flying over the North Atlantic. Hans Leip, in *The Gulf Stream Story* (Jarrolds, 21s.) covers some of the same water, also historically, but gives more information – still readably – on the techniques of seamanship, on oceanographical research and on fisheries.

Ruth Moore, in *The Earth We Live On* (Cape, 28s.), has taken the seemingly less exciting topic of the growth of man's knowledge of the earth's crust. She gives short biographies of some twenty of the great geologists, from Guettard (1715-1786) to those who, still living, are using measurements of radioactivity for the accurate dating of events

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(and extinct plants and animals) of the remote past. Archbishop Ussher, three centuries ago, put the date of the creation at 4004 B.C. Fifty years ago geologists thought the earth might be a hundred million years old. Now, *Tellus* is given an age of more than four thousand million years. Miss Moore's account (centred rather on North America) is more than readable; drawings are few but pleasant and informative, and there are twenty-five well-chosen half-tone illustrations.

S. A. B.

Turismo

If art ain't all paint, Italy ain't all quaint; and the error of most travel-writers, once they get past Domodossola, is to people the country with the cast from *Don Camillo*. In *The Sky is Italian* (Harvill Press, 21s.), that talented novelist Mr Anthony Thorne escapes this temptation by several hairs' breadth and paints an affectionate but realistic series of landscapes-with-figures ranging from Venice in season to Stromboli under 'the brown-grey flag of its activity', and from Magliano in the Marche to the *gabinetto pornografico* in the Museo Nazionale in Naples. His eye and his ear are keen, and he writes with grace and warmth.

John and Penelope Mortimer's *With Love and Lizards* (Michael Joseph, 13s. 6d.), a would-be 'amusing' acount of a bucket-and-spade holiday at Positano, with six children and a German maid, is the kind of upper-middle-class frolic that I thought had gone out with yo-yo and Beverley Nichols. The Mortimers, and more so their gormless blurb-writer, seem to regard this BEA excursion to a well-known seaside resort as a Livingstonian epic among unreliable natives and strange foreign food. I suppose it's too late to change this attitude to the Italians, their language, and their poverty: but at least I can warn you. Far more attractive, though less artful, is *Calabria and the Aeolian Islands*, by Eric and Barbara Whelpton (Hale, 21s.). Less pedestrian than their *Grand Tour of Italy*, this describes – with snippets of history and quotations from earlier travellers – an unusual itinerary through Calabrian towns and villages where 'jolly' hotels and *autostelles* have not always penetrated as yet. The practical information seems mostly impeccable, save for some quirks and errors about food and drink. The photographs are almost misleadingly magnificent.

The illustrations, again, are one of the major features of Edwin Cerio's *The Masque of Capri*, just out in an excellent but anonymous translation (Nelson, 18s.). The book itself is a pleasant potted history of the island, from the Sirens almost up to Gracie Fields: it includes surprising glimpses of Gorki, Krupp, Chaliapin, and other visitors, together with some eccentric bishops and even odder voluntary exiles.

R. M.

Jazz

W. C. Handy's autobiography, *Father of the Blues* (Sidgwick & Jackson, 25s.), is an average piece of showbusiness writing, which is interesting chiefly because we know rather little about the early history of Negro light entertainment. Handy's connexion with jazz is marginal: he had flair enough to write down many splendid folk blues at the right historical moment and talent enough to do so in a form which made them ideal for jazz improvisation (St. Louis Blues, Careless Love, etc.). The jazz public, which is biased against sound show-business pros, has given him too little credit for his part in jazz evolution; he gives himself too much. Mezzrow and Wolfe's *Really the Blues* (Secker & Warburg, 25s.) is a remarkable book by a white sub-Rousseau who tried to play like a Negro. In its strange, artificially slangy way, this is an important document of twentieth-century America. When Ramsay and Smith's *Jazzmen* (Sidgwick & Jackson, 30s.) appeared in 1939 it laid the foundations of the accepted history of traditional jazz, and of several still prevalent myths. Newer American books include Eddie Condon's *Treasury of Jazz* (Peter Davies, 30s.), with a lot of stuff, including an article on Jazz and the Intellectuals by Mr Nat Hentoff; and Elliot Paul's *That Crazy Music* (Muller, 16s.), a book which is so frivolous that its badness may conceivably be due to the well-known sense of humour of the author of *A Narrow Street*. New British productions tend to take the form of miscellanies like *Just Jazz*, edited by S. Traill and G. Lascelles (Peter Davies, 30s.). The formula is good: analytical articles, critical notes on the present situation, documentary material, essays, and a full discography of the year's records and lavish illustrations. The execution is uneven, the learned Ernest Bornemann on boogie-woogie, Stanley Dance and Humphrey Lyttelton, as articulate with the pen as with the trumpet, being the best. It looks like a budding annual. A lot of books here: but it cannot be said that 1957 has so far produced an addition to the literature of jazz comparable to Hodeir's *Jazz* (1956) and Hentoff and Shapiro's *Hear Me talkin' to Ya* (1955); except perhaps Marshall Stearns' *The Story of Jazz* (Sidgwick & Jackson, 30s.), the best and most scholarly history of the subject to have appeared so far. With all its weaknesses it looks like remaining the standard work for a while.

F. N.

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We take our luggage with us when we travel in the past. The historian cannot shake off his own experience of life, and the curious reader may reconstruct a historian's personality from his work even when the biographical details are unknown. It is easy to guess from internal evidence that Acton always imagined himself on the 'inside' of great events without even actually being there and that John Horace Round was a querulous bachelor of independent means. Most of the great nineteenth-century historians were free from economic worries. Even the historian who became a working professor had an easy time of it. He gave at most a couple of lectures a week and assumed that speeches bulked equally large for statesmen of the past. The Characters in Victorian history enjoy an infinite leisure, never distracted from great political issues or affairs of state by more practical concerns.

Now all is changed. The historian of the present day is a professional. Not, however, in the sense that he lives by writing books, or even by teaching history. He has an academic 'job', endowing that word with all its eighteenth-century overtones. Lectures are a bye-line, about as troublesome as confirmations and sermons were to a Whig bishop. The historian needs influence to get himself into the academic world and greater influence to ascend the academic ladder. He avoids commitment to a cause or creed, and finds it difficult to imagine that anyone could jeopardise promotion for principle. His goal is a Chair which will give him the security and leisure of his predecessors. But he is doomed to disappointment. Once arrived in the Chair he has less leisure than before: instead, a round of committees. Here is a pattern for the study of history. The past becomes a record of jobbery interrupted by administration. The more cynical historians go for the jobbery, delve into the patrons and the patronised, dissect the sinecurists and turn impatiently from the rare men of principle. The high-minded historians stick to administration. They explore the Cabinet and the Board of Trade. We learn everything about parliament except the speeches that were made there.

Men of other experience are still free to look at history in other ways. A political journalist with a fine polemical style will find in the past argument and debate. He will read pamphlets, not tax assessments. Having battled against a Churchill, he will remember the family name of the Duke of Marlborough; and the author of *Guilty Men* will not be blind to the merits of *The Conduct of the Allies*. Michael Foot's account of the struggle over war and peace in 1710 could be read as a tract for the times, a *roman à clef*, presenting *Gulliver's Travels* in a new guise, this time partly at Swift's expense*. Certainly the historical parallels are there. But they are an additional pleasure, a bonus in what is primarily a serious study of the past. Professional historians may frown at this phrase; and I wish that Mr Foot had taken some elementary precautions against their criticism. For instance, he should not have written concerning the new House elected in 1710: 'A huge change had taken place in its membership'. The professional will say with a snort: 'no greater change than was normal at a general election', and will then dismiss the book as unscholarly journalism. Yet Mr Foot has an excuse. The general election of 1710 is one of the few to escape detailed analysis by the modern scientific historian. Is this an accident? Perhaps. But maybe there was also fear of discovering in this election ideas and principles, things which are nowadays decried or even denied existence in scholarly history. However, live and let live is the best rule. It is enough to praise Mr Foot's book as 'another version of the same'.

The version has excitement and truth. Peace or war was a real issue in 1710, felt as deeply as at the present day. Marlborough had been a transcendent genius in diplomacy and war. He held together a Grand Alliance more disparate than the United Nations; and no other general can match the proud boast: 'he never sat before a town which he did not take nor ever fought a battle which he did not win'. But he and his associates failed when it came to peace-making. They could only repeat 'No Peace without Spain' – the contemporary formula for unconditional surrender. Queen Anne had a vague dislike of war and a stronger feeling against the Whig ministers. In 1710 she dismissed the Junto and put Harley and St John in their place. Neither she nor they dared turn against the great Captain-General. Indeed the new ministers claimed that they would conduct the war more efficiently than the old. This was the moment when Swift emerged from Irish obscurity and offered his services as a journalist to the Tory leaders. No doubt he hoped for preferment and reward. No doubt, in a favourite phrase of Malcolm Muggeridge, 'money passed'. Yet these are irrelevant to his deeper motives. Swift was conscious of great powers. He was eager to challenge a great antagonist, to show that the pen was mightier than the sword. Above all he loathed the bloodshed and misery of war. The simplest explanations are usually the best. Swift longed for peace. This, not financial need or twisted psychology, is the key to his writings.

Mr Foot analyses Swift's course in the *Examiner* as precisely as military historians trace a campaign in the field – and with more understanding. At first Swift dwelt on Marlborough's ambition and avarice, while acknowledging his military gifts. There is an entrancing passage where Swift calculates that a victorious Roman general received in all £994 11s. 10d., while 'British ingratitude' had rewarded the Duke with £540,000. Gradually Swift edged higher: suggesting at one moment that the Duke was a soldier, but no politician; at another that he thought more of the allies than of his own country. All this cleared the way for *The Conduct of the Allies*. Dr Johnson, always strangely hostile to Swift, called it 'this wonder-working pamphlet' in a tone of contempt, but the description may be taken seriously. Far from operating, as Johnson alleged, 'by the mere weight of facts', it turned the political argument upside down. The war ceased to be bloody but necessary. It became a fraud, an error, a delusion. 'We are become the *Dupes and Bubbles of Europe*'. There was 'a conspiracy on all sides to go on with those measures which must perpetuate the war'. For the Monied Men 'war is perpetual harvest'; for the ministers it brings power, honour and financial rewards. The allies cheated innocent, peace-loving Britain; and her rulers rejoiced at the swindle. Here, fully developed, is the case against European wars, as displayed in Radical pamphlets for the following two centuries: the conspiracy of the rich and powerful; the faithlessness of allies; the delusion that there was any British interest at stake. Charles Fox could have endorsed *The Conduct of the Allies*. Cobden did so explicitly. I still find the argument convincing, and not only for the War of the Spanish Succession. We are lured to the present dance of destruction by the vanity of scientists, politicians, and generals.

The Conduct of the Allies marks the climax of the story as Mr Foot planned it and as he still announces it in his preface. We are to witness Swift's triumph with complacent admiration. The wonder-working pamphlet carried all before it; the pen proved mightier than the sword; and peace was made. This is what should have happened, but it did not. Mr Foot is suddenly captured by events and swept into unexpected waters. Historians often have this experience, and very exciting it is, though frightening if you are not used to it. The facts get up, hit the historian on the head, and make him go where he did not intend to go at all. I remember well my embarrassment at discovering that I was presenting Bismarck as a moderate, pacific statesman and an attractive character. It has happened just the same with Mr Foot; and this shows that he is a true historian in this book, not a political pamphleteer gone astray. His plan miscarries. His book fails to prove what it was meant to prove.

For Swift's marvellous journalism had no appreciable effect. *The Conduct of the Allies* may convince us. It did not convince contemporaries except those who were convinced already. The House of Commons already had a Tory majority. The Lords remained obstinately against peace, their firmness cemented, as so often in that House, by a dirty deal. Peace went through only when the Queen created twelve Tory peers. The real hero of the book turns out to be not Swift, but Henry St John, a man without scruple or principle, but of limitless daring. Perhaps there is a contemporary moral after all, though Mr Foot did not intend it. Fine arguments and high principles are all very well. But when something decisive has to be done, you need the block-vote (Wharton asked whether the new peers would vote individually or by their foreman) and an adroit, daring leader, a Henry St John or – shall we say – a David Lloyd George. This is a sad conclusion to a heroic tale; and all the sadder for being true.

A. J. P. Taylor

* *The Pen and the Sword.* By Michael Foot. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 30s.

Windscale

The toadstool towers infest the shore:
Stink-horns that propagate and spore
Wherever the wind blows.
Scafell looks down from the bracken band,
And sees hell in a grain of sand,
And feels the canker itch between his toes.

This is a land where dirt is clean,
And poison pasture, quick and green,
And storm sky, bright and clear;
Where sewers flow with milk, and meat
Is carved up for the fire to eat,
And children suffocate in God's fresh air.

NORMAN NICHOLSON

Brass Hats and Frocks

Soldiers and Governments. Nine Studies in Civil-Military Relations. Edited by MICHAEL HOWARD. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 21*s.*

In one sense this is a timely and important book; in another, it is already out of date. Historians, as Mr. Michael Howard points out in his introduction, tend to underestimate the influence of military strategy on constitutional development. Hatred of standing armies, which allowed the civil spirit of Anglo-Saxon democracy to flourish, was not a product of superior national character; it was simply a luxury which Britain and the United States, for purely geographical reasons, were able to afford. The Channel played a more decisive role in the development of parliament than the obstinacy of a Hampden. Until the twentieth century, a navy was all that the Anglo-Saxon democracies needed to guarantee their national integrity; and navies, except in Siam, never stage *coups d'état.*

But most other states, with vast land frontiers to defend, had to put up with large standing armies, and deal with the threat they presented to civil supremacy as best they could. Under the *ancien régime*, professional armies, identified personally with the monarch, retarded the development of democracy throughout most of Europe. Some countries have never really passed this stage. In Latin America, as R. A. Humphries shows in a fascinating essay, democratic control of the armed forces, though accepted in constitutional documents, is seldom effective in reality. Spain falls into the same category. The Spanish generals, Mr A. R. M. Carr argues, were not primarily interested in controlling policy, but they saw themselves as the final arbiter in a political impasse, using as their instrument the bloodless *pronunciamento*. With the growth of democratic opinion, however, this system became unworkable: the last time the generals tried to apply it, in 1936, they plunged their country into what they regarded as the 'regrettable accident' of the Civil War, from which they were only rescued by foreign intervention. The reason why the political power of the army has survived in all these countries is a simple one: none of them took part, except symbolically, in either of the great world wars. The civilian's natural respect for the general as a man of action and decision rarely survives the experience of serving under him. In Japan, the military tradition was even more firmly established, until she found herself involved in a global conflict; then it vanished overnight.

Wars, indeed, have destroyed the myth of the general. The great struggle against Napoleon proved that the old professional armies, to which the generals were desperately attached, were no longer effective military instruments. Despite bitter professional resistance, conscription was introduced, and the problem of civil control thus arose in its modern form. Two questions were posed. If the army had the right to recruit the nation in the execution of policy, had it not also the right to decide what that policy should be? And conversely, if the nation provided the army with its raw material, should it not also decide what was done with it – the extension of the 'no taxation without representation' principle in terms of lives? Unless the answer to the first question was 'no', the second could not even be asked.

America, as Professor Brogan explains, neatly solved both problems by exploiting the fiction that the President is also commander-in-chief; Lincoln began the work, and it was carried to triumphant fruition by Wilson and Roosevelt. In Britain, too, the first question never really arose: the Curragh mutiny, Mr Robert Blake argues, was a genuine instance of successful military intervention in politics, but the action of the army was merely a reflection of the revolutionary policy of the Tory party. In Britain, therefore, only the second question had to be answered. This was also, though less clearly, true of France and Germany. Mr Guy Chapman, in his essay on France, rightly points out that after 1815 the army never attempted to change the regime: it merely carried out the orders of the *de facto* government. Even in Germany, Mr F. L. Carsten argues, the position was not essentially different. The army could, and did, direct policy only under weak governments; under a Bismarck or a Hitler, it minded its own business.

In all three countries, therefore, the second question could be posed; and here the armies put up determined, though ultimately futile, resistance. The First World War cooked the goose of the generals. When it began, in Britain and France, let alone Germany, it was accepted that the generals had the right to decide overall strategy. Gradually, first in Britain, then in France, military incompetence forced the civilians to take over. In Germany, the reverse occurred: the entire war policy slid into the hands of a military dictatorship. But Germany lost the war. The Second World War, therefore, was directed entirely by civilians—indeed, this time the Germans went to the opposite extreme. There was one exception: Japan. Here, as we learn in a brilliant essay by Mr F. C. Jones, the generals enjoyed a formal constitutional power denied to their colleagues elsewhere: the War Minister was a serving officer, and since the staff could order him to resign, the generals were always in a position to overthrow the Cabinet. Japan entered the war on the instructions of the dominant group on the staff. The generals ran the war entirely their own way; and, as with Germany in the First World War, the magnitude of military disaster increased in direct ratio to the power they exercised over the government. By the time Japan was ready to surrender, General Tojo was War Minister, Minister of Munitions and Home Minister, as well as Premier and Chief of Army Staff. Total military control thus coincided with total defeat.

Experience, therefore, abundantly endorses Clemenceau's maxim. Civilians have shown they know best. The tragedy is that, with the development of thermo-nuclear weapons, their victory has become a hollow one. Wars must now be waged by a predetermined plan, inevitably drawn up by the military. If it fails, there will be no second chance, and consequently no opportunity for the civilians to take over. Since the launching of Sputnik I, the US Strategic Air Command has been ordered to keep a third of its bombers, fully loaded, *in the air* at any one time. Speed of reprisal—the basis of the politico-military strategy of the deterrent—is now so vital that the circumstances in which local SAC commanders are to unleash the atomic deluge are defined in their standing orders. We are now nearing the point—if, indeed, we have not already passed it—when civilian governments will be forced to forgo their right even to decide when hostilities will commence: they will merely lay down principles, and the formal act will be taken by a faceless technician in a remote radar station. The ultimate weapon has made the old battle between 'brass hats' and 'frocks' meaningless.

PAUL JOHNSON

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he was unaware of the fantastic web of corruption and personal self-seeking that surrounded him in the last days of the Kuomintang.

Nobody has yet fully told the story of that epoch of cruelty and chaos when many millions of American dollars disappeared down the ratholes – which is the American polite phrase for the hoarding and embezzlement of Chiang Kai-shek's own entourage. Did he really not know that one of the reasons why the Communists so easily took over China was that the personal overseas banking accounts of more than one of his own relatives, who were able to play the markets and manipulate the exchange, ran into scores of millions of pounds? Perhaps he didn't. For a time the Americans lived in a Chinese dream. When the tide of revolution was already engulfing Chiang in 1944, Churchill wrote: 'That China is one of the world's four great powers is an absolute farce. I have told the President I would be reasonably polite about this American obsession, but I cannot agree that we should take a positive attitude in the matter'. What an irony it is that today when China is really one of the great powers American commentators and Pentagon planners should transfer their obsession to Formosa which is, after all, only an isolated scrap of Chinese territory. But if any of them really are still about Chiang Kai-shek himself, this fossilised bit of nonsense should be all that is needed to undeceive them.

What is surprising is that Chiang Kai-shek should so convincingly deceive himself. True, he has been personally obsessed about the Soviet Union since he visited Moscow in 1923. Dr. Sun Yat-sen sent him there on a special mission to arrange for Russian help when, as he correctly believed, his calls for assistance from the western powers had been in vain. Lenin was already in coma, and Chiang Kai-shek's talks were mainly with Trotsky. Trotsky told him: 'Except direct participation by Soviet troops, Soviet Russia will do her best to help China in her National Revolution by giving her positive assistance in the form of weapons and economic aid'. Chiang Kai-shek told the Kuomintang Committee that he was disillusioned, that when once the Soviet Union was consolidated it would revive old Czarist ambitions, and that their internationalism and world revolution were 'nothing but Cæsarism in another name, the better to hoodwink the outside world'.

With this as a recurrent theme, Chiang Kai-shek describes the past thirty years of his country's history. At seventy he is as obsessed as he was at thirty-six. *A Summing-up at Seventy* reveals no new facts about China, but it proves how remote from the people the author was for most of his life. Today Chiang Kai-shek is just as remote from the peoples of Asia when he suggests that if only the western powers will give him the tools, he can lead a successful campaign against the Soviet Union, with millions of Asians as his conquering army.

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Space and Time

The Birth and Rebirth of Pictorial Space. By JOHN WHITE. *Faber. 63s.*

Dr White is serious. And from the start, when he steps forward to introduce his book, he is evidently aware of the problems which confront seriousness at the moment in such fields as this. He introduces not his subject – some familiarity with that is expected – but his method, with a solemnity to which readers of English art books are unaccustomed. He proposes to depart from the style of play which produces a 'Wimbledon of assertion and counter assertion in which no game is ever won and all the balls remain unchanged'. The trouble is that

> the area over which it is possible to make universally meaningful statements about artistic processes and their effects is still surprisingly small. The documentation and physical properties of a painting can be enumerated with generally acceptable accuracy, but the more closely it is examined as a work of art the less likely is it that any given statement will survive for long un-contradicted.

This is an anxiety of the times: the general intellectual climate breeds it, and there have been previous signs of it among art historians. Advanced English work has recently been dealing, for preference, with almost anything but the visible character of art. Whilst the study of provenance, for instance, may not often illuminate art itself, the expert in it is exceptionally secure against contradiction. The critic of the literary sources of art history has a similar advantage over other kinds of critics: he is less likely to be convicted of speculative nonsense.

It is obviously difficult to deal with the *look* of pictures (that troublesomely arbitrary element which scholarship never quite dispenses with) according to these standards of meaningfulness and verifiability. Measured against them, æsthetic appreciations appear intellectually disreputable, and the traditional style-criticism of scholarship is no better. However, it appears that the English school, of which we are so proud, is to make the attempt, and Dr White, first over the top, should have all who are still safe under cover cheering for him. He advances upon one of the most often occupied yet most obstinate of redoubts, the problem of Renaissance space composition, armed with one positivist principle, 'to base all arguments as far as possible upon an analysis of the treatment of rectangular solid objects, and to accept the limitations which this implies'.

How does the enterprise go? Anyone, and especially a painter (who instinctively prefers speculation and the self-verifying but universally meaningful propositions of art), might reasonably be sceptical about its chances. But it comes off, very well indeed. The successes of his method are demonstrable, almost measurable – that is its virtue. The positive additions to our understanding which he makes are in fact rather impressive. For a start, in the first sections, not only is a solid contribution made to the problem of Assisi, but the whole idea of a proto-Renaissance begins to take on a more substantial meaning, as a beginning of the Renaissance proper. We gain a new and relatively exact view, which can be demonstrated geometrically, of *what* was reborn, and where it sprang from.

When we reach Giotto and the era of clearly separable artistic personalities, the gain is once more remarkable. Which serious historian before would have dared to write of 'emphasised ambivalence' in Giotto? (It is the kind of thing that we of the speculative fringe are hauled over the coals for.) Yet one knows immediately what is meant: one is accustomed to feeling that the real meaning of Giotto lay in his ability to carry suspended – to hold in check – a kind of force which was in fact recognisably inimical to the plane on which the characteristic successes of the Renaissance were to be gained. So much for impressions; this tension in Giotto's art can now, more or less, be geometrically analysed. We know at last what we are talking about. And so on. When the complexity of perspective tradition and the conflict between its elements are understood some of the artistic personalities of the fifteenth century appear in a new light. Uccello, for example, is seen as not only developing a traditional science but resisting a novel artifice at the same time: his temperament, the solid conviction behind the archaism of his colour and his famous remark at bedtime become more comprehensible and more sympathetic. Great works like Masaccio's Trinity and Piero's Resurrection reveal their peculiarities a little better. The course is a stiff one: only readers who positively enjoy the severities of the seminar room are likely to finish it, but it is rewarding. The points pile up at the imaginary Wimbledon and the result is game, set and match to White.

The tournament must nevertheless continue, perhaps with a new ferocity for the firmer footing which White has given it. His very seriousness and logic sometimes lead toward a subtle misreading of history: not all artists are continuously logical and purposeful. In studying artistic purpose, we are dealing with men who have an ineradicable tendency to make gestures that are from the standpoint of any apparent logic gratuitous, and this is as true of fifteenth-century artists as any others. An essential virtue to the fifteenth century of artificial perspective in itself never quite emerges from this discussion (and Piero della Francesca, whose theoretical work was a codification of the discoveries of others, thus takes a back seat that he does not deserve). One virtue of it evidently lay in its very artificiality, in the rigidly rectangular elevation of the planes that confront us in the projections of artificial perspective. The system in fact contrived to build architecture into painting, as it was never built before. There, by and large, it remains to this day, long outlasting systematic perspective, in all the varied styles that trace even the most tenuous line of descent from Italian painting of the fifteenth century.

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The Main Chance. By PETER WILDEBLOOD. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Lettice. By JOHN COATES. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Lily in the Valley. By HONORÉ DE BALZAC. Translated by LUCIENNE HILL. *Elek.* 18*s.*

Miss Jameson is professional, morally engaged, sensitively generous. She plans her novels, also, on a grand scale. One would like to salute in her a major talent and in the end cannot. Why not? I think the main reason is that her moral engagement precedes, and does not arise from, her examination of her themes. Mr Eliot once said that it is the business of a good critic not to say, 'This is good, this is bad', but to convey such a scrupulously exact impression of a book, an author, a poem that the reader himself will make the jump from what it is to how it should be valued. This is even more obviously true about the way a novelist should deal with his characters. But in *A Cup of Tea for Mr Thorgill*, Miss Jameson puts in one character, Henry Gurney, the Senior Tutor of an Oxford College, whose job it is more or less to tell us what to feel and think about the other characters. He tells us, for instance, that the Master of his College, an urbane, witty, not unkindly man, has a 'vulgar heart'. We ought to have been allowed to see it for ourselves. And there is too much nudging and underlining of his sort all through her book.

That is what is partly wrong, and what else is wrong is the major flaw in nearly all political and too many religious novels, the too easy identification of the Devil with something outside us. Miss Jameson's hero is a young secretly fellow-travelling history don, who finally breaks with the British Communist Party when he is asked to connive at a plot for disgracing a novelist – who has been a fellow-traveller, too, and has now produced the routine *God That Failed* sort of book – by arranging for the novelist to rape or compulsively seduce an idealistic Socialist girl. The girl is to be sent to steal non-existent secret papers at a time when the goatish novelist is sure to catch her. This plot seems singularly inept, and it works out ineptly. The girl, finding she has been exploited, runs away. The moral is that Communists will sacrifice personal loyalties, innocence, decency, and so on, for 'the cause', and that, therefore, they are not quite our fellow human beings. But the case against any sort of society, that of the Soviet Union or our own, rests surely not on what sort of special dirty work its secret agents get up to – 'that great abyss of Reason of State' – but on how far it deliberately deprives its members of the chance of fullness of life. The Communists one knows, for all that Mr Krushchev himself now talks approvingly of 'the monolithic society', are, in fact, as various as one's Roman Catholic friends (who are not always plotting to burn one at the stake) or one's agnostic liberal friends (who are not always either insulting Christians or, in their old-fashioned liberal role, grinding the faces of the poor). The way to defend the pluralistic society is to play better chess, not to be always crying 'Bogy-bogy!'. Miss Jameson is in too much of a bogy-bogy mood to get inside the skins of her Communist characters. And she ought to be more ready to identify inner, as well as outer, Devils. Henry Gurney, Miss Jameson's God-voice, stands for unambitious rectitude, dry sympathy, reserved kindness – fine traditional British virtues; but if he didn't have so flatly and inevitably the last word in all situations, this would be a better novel.

If Miss Jameson's novel is a study of political pathology, Mr Hopkins's seems to me an example of it. By all ordinary literary standards it is a very bad novel indeed, but I must admit that I read it with avid interest. The hero is a romantic Fascist, around thirty, and it is documentarily interesting that his fellow students at the London School of Economics thought him stupid, that he felt out of place, because everybody was chattering so glibly at London literary parties, that his attitude to men is always one of unconscious homosexual aggression, and that his attitude to women is that of a boastful bully. This is to make the novel, which is written with an incredible vulgar garishness, and reads like wish-fulfilment fantasy, sound more real than it is. The hero is also a political assassin and his vision of the future is an orgy of torture and killing that will somehow screw mankind up to a greater sense of 'reality'.

In fact, Mr Hopkins is taking the fantasies of the natural inferior out for a ride, and he makes one feel that the rancour of the inferior is what the new cult of the Superman means. Couldn't one also learn from Nietzsche to accept one's limitations gracefully and look up to those who are, through having greater intelligence, charm, beauty, or moral strength, naturally one's betters? But what this novel, not a work of literature, does practically suggest is the tremendous urgency, if we don't want the formation of a half-educated, angrily self-important Fascist intelligentsia, of being exceedingly sympathetic and patient with maladjusted and uncouth young men.

One must be brief about the others. Mr Wildeblood has written a farce about the rise and fall of a boy television star with a phenomenal memory for the printed page. His spry knowingness about milieux – East End, West End, advertising, newspapers, broadcasting – makes up for the paper-thinness of the characters. Mr Coates's little farce is about a very short-sighted girl whose eyes always say yes and who finds it hard to track down the father of her second baby: I found it coy and cloying. Elek Books, finally, who ought to be congratulated on their devotion to a great unfashionable novelist, have brought out a very good translation of Balzac's famous novel about the clash between frustrated spiritual and frustrating carnal love. On such a theme, one would expect the great vulgar *improvisatore's* fingers to be all thumbs; but the saintly, suffering Mme de Mortsauf and the splendid English tigress, Lady Dudley, are grand creations.

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The death of Stalin destroyed the dam which had been holding back Soviet society for so long; and for four years the flood has been cascading through. Thirty years of sociological revolution are only now beginning to be reflected in the political sphere. In these circumstances, trying to analyse the changes since Stalin died is like trying to analyse a whirlpool. But the attempt must be made, if we are to adopt a sensible policy towards the Soviet Union. We need to know which classes and groups are becoming powerful, and what their demands are; who is likely to emerge into the foreground and who to retire to a power-station in Central Asia; what sort of ideological contortions will be made, and what effect they will have on public opinion and government policy.

Despite its title, Mr. Zilliacus's book hardly bothers with these questions. It begins with the Soviet Union, and contains a great deal of information on wages and the cost of living – some of which could surely have been gleaned without going east of Harwich. There are long accounts of conversations with Soviet leaders – over vodka with Krushchev, tea with the rest. Then it passes to eastern Europe, and more conversations – with Tito, with Czech leaders, with Cyrankiewicz. It summarises the long triangular duel over the significance of the Hungarian revolution between the Communist Parties of Yugoslavia, Poland and the Soviet Union. It ends with general reflections on Communism in transition; and a plea for sympathetic understanding by the West.

But Mr Zilliacus, after all, has spent most of his life as an expert on foreign policy. His approach is very different from Foreign Office tradition – but he has caught the occupational disease of the professional diplomat. He is concerned chiefly with the ponderous minutiæ of official policy and ideological debate: agenda, communiqués, resolutions, editorials. He almost ignores the sociological dynamo which these minutiæ merely reflect: the intense nationalist passions of the east European peoples; the ambitions of the 'new men' of the Soviet Union; the criss-cross pull of interest groups and ideological attitudes. He sees politics in terms of words, not men; and is so fascinated by the dead plumage that he forgets the living bird.

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for peace; he joined the Labour Party because it supported the League. But in his enthusiastic haste for peaceful coexistence, he underestimates the obstacles in its way. They all seem to be on the western side, placed there by capitalists grimly clinging to an 'outworn social order'. He has failed to recognise just how strong are the vested interests east of the Oder-Neisse line, and how pertinaciously they cling to *their* outworn social order. Perhaps this accounts for the puzzled tone of the concluding chapters, in which he describes developments since the Hungarian revolution: the fading of the roseate promise of the 20th Congress, the slight re-emergence of the Natolin group in Poland, the return to a Stalinist attitude towards Yugoslavia, and the growing illiberalism inside it. The sad story is told well enough – but in place of explanation, we have only the platitudinous observation that western preparations for an 'arms race' exacerbate the evils of Stalinism; and the misleading implication that it is all our fault.

Nevertheless, the book is more satisfying than most writing on the Soviet Union. Mr Zilliacus is neither an obsessional Leninist, nor a professional parliamentary democrat. He does not imagine that enticing slogans about 'inner party democracy' can dismantle a dictatorship, nor expect parliamentary regimes to flower suddenly in eastern Europe, feeling aggrieved if they do not. He recognises the dilemma of the Communist leaders – how to avoid the evils of Stalinism, without destroying its gains. Above all, he does not approach the Communist world with a closed Iron-curtain mind, imagining that because its leaders use a different vocabulary from ours, everything they say is meaningless or criminal. He is prepared to learn from their experience.

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Tame and Free

Contexts of Criticism. By HARRY LEVIN. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

The Apothecary's Shop. By D. J. ENRIGHT. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*

Mr Levin has written two good books – one on Joyce and one on Marlowe – which have earned him a reputation for businesslike criticism and for wide reading in the major European literatures. At Harvard they think he is very clever, and that is the plain truth. But these new essays are disappointing. They are full of vicious academic mannerisms and silly tropes. From the first sentence of the first essay one is repelled by a grotesque ambition to write like Henry James:

> Looking toward this highly propitious occasion, looking out of the study window in the general direction of Waltham, I might have looked to a source of inspiration which has quickened many an American scholar.

Autumnal, culture-sodden prose – 'elegant style', the Oxford blurb-writer calls it – is the order of the day, with a garnishing of *anents* and *as it weres*, and a liberal use of the lofty hand-out: 'Art has continually adapted itself to man's changing conception of reality, that is to say' – now wait for it – 'his successive adjustments to society and nature.' The jokes aren't much fun ('Sir James Frazer's protracted footnote to Virgil, *The Golden Bough* . . .'), and Mr Levin has no sense of moderation when it comes to names: the last three pages of *The Tradition of Tradition* (that's another joke) call up Dickens, Dr Leavis, Matthew Arnold, Granville Hicks, Katherine Fullerton Gerould, Rémy de Gourmont, Alan Pryce-Jones, Charles Péguy, Arnold Toynbee, Montaigne, Milton and Sainte-Beuve – and not an answering voice.

This is a pity, because Mr Levin has left behind him, immersed in this terrible prose, many remarks that were worth making. *Society as Its Own Historian*, on the nineteenth-century novel, gives a fair impression, once it gets over the fancy stuff ('The visitor at Oxford, like the stranger at Athens, knows very well that he is a barbarian'), of his nimble and well-stocked mind. Elsewhere he fails to do justice to his talents, and this seems due, in part to a complacency regarding the position of writers in America. He rebukes Mr V. S. Pritchett for lamenting, as a sinister modern trend, the 'gravitation of criticism to the universities' (whereby, says Mr Levin with teen-age suavity, Mr Pritchett 'betrays the incompleteness of his own education'); and he seems happy to see 'younger talents' resolving the struggle between 'journalistic commercialisation and academic domestication' in favour of the latter.

A slight acquaintance with university journals, the fruits of academic domestication, inclines one towards Mr Pritchett's way of thinking. But to read Mr Enright's new volume of essays is to temper pessimism with the realisation that some writers have found a middle way between the university and the market place. British Council and WEA; Alexandria, Tokio, Berlin, Bangkok, form the background of Mr Enright's work. He is also connected with Cambridge criticism – with *Scrutiny* and Dr Leavis – and when he moves in that company he plays the part of common reader with great success. The book opens with a pleasant exchange between Mr Enright and Mr Bateson (editor of the Oxford journal, *Essays in Criticism*) on 'criticism for criticism's sake', and 'perverse and childish mystery-mongering' in the literary magazines; and Mr Enright proceeds to challenge the view of a fellow Scrutineer that '*Coriolanus* is a very great play, an artistic success as assured as that of *Macbeth*'. (This second essay is tinged with comedy in that it can have occurred only to a very select group of critics to compare *Coriolanus* and *Macbeth*.) But the book as a whole escapes the atmosphere of the inner ring; it is even a little too breezy and casually got together: two of the essays amount to off-the-cuff reviews of Professor Heller's *The Disinherited Mind* and Professor Dobrée's *Broken Cistern*, and a third is a rather thick-witted joke in dialogue form ('As I said before, you're taking the whole thing too seriously. Relax man! And if you really feel that you can't teach the play, then . . . take Shaw instead!') at the expense of that poor *Cocktail Party*.

JOHN JONES

Week-end Competition

No. 1,448 **Set by Alexander**

The War Office is about to carry out a survey of soldiers' opinions about the Regular Army. Competitors are invited to present the views of one of the following men-at-arms: Ancient Pistol; Uncle Toby; Mulvaney, Ortheris or Learoyd; Colonel Bramble; Captain Basil Seal. Limit 100 words; entries by December 10.

Result of No. 1,445 **Set by Bystander**

Competitors are asked to submit a verse (10 lines or less) in which all the following words occur: by-law, by-pass, by-play, by-word.

Report

Entries were diverse and diverting. Naturally motoring, and the vagaries of local government prompted many competitors; more topical were P. W. R. Foot on Hatfield New Town where 'the wind's by-play observes no laws,' and C. M. Styes on the dispossessed gypsies of Middlesex. Serious entries from D. McRitchie and D. M. Hastilow almost made the grade. I must stand aside for the printing of as many entries as possible. Those starred share the prize money, the runners-up being Cohvyn, Davis, P. J. Sidey, Kim, Hilary, Sylvia Tatham, Donald Hughes and Anthony Brunner.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO THE ORACLE AT BYZANTIUM

*How shall the angered Osborne have his say?
By-play.
Bold Strydom teach the lowly Black his class?
By-pass.
Saint Wolfenden defeat the wicked whore?
By-law.
Lord Clanger reassure the restive herd?
By-word.

T. A. HOWELL

*By a by-law—on the by-pass,
Any by-play on the lay-by,
Causing public nuisance thereby,
Makes a by-word of the highway
And is interdicted hereby.

A. M. SAYERS

*By law Love couples after dark,
But cannot (by-law) use the park;
By play the bridge expert conveys
(By by-play too!) the hand he plays;
By word the witness makes his vow,
Its worthlessness a by-word now;
By pass I gained a proud diploma,
My crib a by-pass skirting Homer:
Py God, Bystander, do not hunt more—
Have this, by

LIVINGSTONE K. BLUNTMORE

*By bonnie bank, by bonnie brae,
By Tre and Pol and Pen,
By-law, by-pass, by-word, by-play,
By Jove and bitumen.
By jimini, by heck, by rule,
And halidom (by my)
With umpteen shopping days to Yule
What can we say but "buy"?

NANCY GUNTER

BYGONES

*I was a terror when I came to school,
I'd break each by-law, by-pass every rule;
My teachers swore I never would progress,
I was a by-word for unruliness.
In lessons I was one of the misfits
Although my by-play kept the class in fits.
I'm now a prefect, solemn and severe,
I think there is a moral hidden here.

V. R. ORMEROD

EPITAPH: MRS O'LEARY'S COW

Here lies a cow. By-pass her not, for shame,
To whom a by-law was a wild farrago!
Her by-play made a by-word of her name:
She kicked a lantern down, and burned Chicago!

Note. The fire took place on Sunday, Oct. 8, 1871, and lasted for 3 days, covering 3½ sq. miles. 250 people lost their lives, and 100,000 were rendered homeless.

COLYN DAVIES

CLEMENTINE ON THE A-21

There's a by-law
On our by-pass
Dealing with nocturnal shame;
Yet the by-play
(It's a by-word)
Carries on there, just the same.

P. J. SIDEY

City Lights

In Memory of Lemonchik

It was a brief frolic. Stock markets are sinking back into apathy. The dog died too soon to keep his promises. Economic co-operation, Nato, Europe? Lost in pep-talks, pow-wows and diplomatic fumblings. Interdependence? The President has a hesitancy in saying certain difficult words. Money is cheaper and Wall Street likes it that way, but not if the cheapness implies a sharper recession than expected. The bears are waiting, and the President's health is still an influence on markets. The feeling of dreary resignation is less marked in London but the markets are quiet.

* * *

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The City, understandably enough, is now taking a very starchy line over the Bank Rate business. Until a couple of weeks ago, everyone was getting a good deal of innocent amusement out of it. The ordinary City man is obviously more familiar than the ordinary politician with the Directory of Directors, and he amused himself very pleasantly for a week or two by showing off his knowledge of establishment geography and concocting deliciously scandalous stuff about his respectable colleagues. But Mr Wilson has spoilt the fun. It was as if a group of young men, having dined well together on some recognised occasion, were frisking expertly and pleasurably around the edge of indecorum – when a half-noticed outsider, ignoring the edge which gave the game its point, burst publicly and unpardonably over it, shocked the company into silence, and had to be instantly repudiated. No. It was more as if a group of friends harmlessly and enjoyably swapping invented scandal about absent acquaintances, were suddenly to find their conversations headlined.

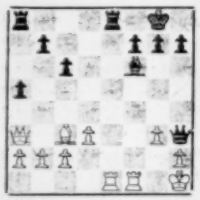
The City, shocked, has found solace in starchiness. Becoming starchy, it has found that it dislikes a number of things. It dislikes, for example, what it conceives to be the rehearsed ingenuousness with which the general was transformed into the particular. It dislikes the part it supposes played in the affair by newspaper jealousies. And it dislikes the fact that politicians can regard people who work in the City as mere names, impersonally alien, probably disreputable, unlikely in any case to resent allegations about their probity. The City, it is true, has often had the same sort of feeling about politicians. But the *Spectator* case has convinced it that even the toughest politicians regard themselves as human, with feelings and reputations entitled to respect.

TAURUS

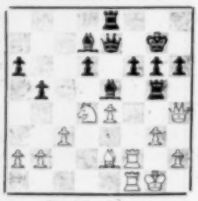
The Chess Board

No. 420. Which End of the Stick?

There's an old story of the man who had been given a stick much too long for him. When advised to cut it he blew up angrily: 'Cut off that lovely silver-and-ivory handle? Why, it's the most precious part of the stick!' When told that he could keep the handle intact while cutting the bottom end, the man sadly shook his head. 'The bottom end is all right,' he said, 'it's too long at the top end.' I thought of that story when coming across two sets of positions which proved or disproved the equality or relativity of similar positional values. Here's a position which Duras (Black) achieved at Petersburg, 1909. Obviously, he played . . . R-K7, and that was that. I wonder if Cafferty knew that position when 48 years later, in the recent British Championship tournament at Plymouth, he got an opportunity for much the same type of knock-out blow. Playing Black (against Pritchard) he achieved this position. /4r1k1/pp1q1ppp/2pb4/3p4/3P1P2/3Q1P2/PP1Br2P/R4R1K/. White blundered by QR-K1. Obviously, KR-K1 wouldn't have been quite so immediately fatal but as it happened, Black could emulate old Duras by . . . Q-R6! Now here (reported by Kurt Richter in *Schach*) are two positions where similar ideas in similar circumstances fail to produce the same result. First Ivkov-Pfeiffer, Vienna, 1957: /6k2/ 7R/ 1rqp1p2/ 4p1p1/ 1pP1P2p/ 1P3P1P/3Q2PK/ 8/. If White could bring his Q to support his domineering R it would be all over, but Q-R2 could be countered by . . . R-R3; hence, White played (1) P-B5! Obviously, . . . QxBP is ruled out by Q-R2, and . . . PxP by Q-Q8 ch, so the sequel was . . . R-R3; (2) QxQKtP, K-Kt1; (3) R-K7, K-B1; (4) R-K6, Q-Q2; (5) PxP, R-B3; (6) Q-R3!, K-Kt1; (7) R-K7, resigns. Now here (Turoverov-Asumanjan, 1957) is the climacterical position achieved in a recent Russian correspondence-game. /4b3 2p4p/ ktp1p4/ pKt1Pp2kt / 2P2Pp2 / P1Kt2P2 / 1P3K1k /5B2 /. White played (1) P-B5, with the idea of countering . . . KtPxP by (2) KtxQP, and . . . QPxP by (2) P-Q6, PxP; (3) KtxQP, Kt-B2; (4) Kt-B4, etc. But White had also bargained for Black's actual line . . . BxKt; (2) PxQP, BxB; (3) P-Q7, and that's where he expected his opponent to resign. He didn't. He played . . . Kt-B4!!, and White resigned.



A: Kolarov 1957



B: H. Otten

C: R. M. Kasparjan

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position with Black to move and to force a speedy win. **B** and **C** are both wins, the former (for 6 ladder-points) very easy and highly instructive. **C** (for 7) is not so easy but quite a beauty. Usual prizes. Entries by 9 December.

REPORT on No. 417. Set 9 November

A: (1) QxQP ch, K-K1; (2) Q-B7 ch, K-Q2; (3) B-K6 ch, K-Q3; (4) Kt-B5 mate.

B: (1) K-B2!, B-R7!; (2) P-Kt4 ch!, followed by K-Kt2. Both (1) K-B1? and (1) K-B3? would lose.

C: (1) B-B5 ch, KxP; (2) BxP, P-Q7; (3) Kt-B5 ch, K-R4!; (4) P-Kt4 ch!, KxP; (5) B-K1!, PxB (Q or R); (6) Kt-Q3 ch, KtxKt stalemate.

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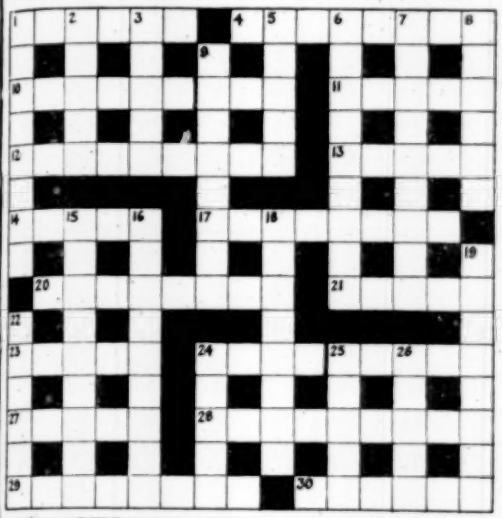
Week-end Crossword 279

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 279, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 10 Dec.



ACROSS

1. It takes a page to mean spotty (6).
4. Vaguely predicts what is not unrehearsed (8).
10. Place in London for a disgusting noise (6, 3).
11. Number or voice (5).
12. Imagines a single occasion among Roman citizens (9).
13. Illness with a silent afterthought (5).
14. Though an old king, I am in a young one's carriage (5).
17. An interval for an individual after a retrogressive age (8).
20. Lack of consideration when a girl is in trouble (8).
21. If this girl were beheaded I should be in employment (5).
23. He gets mixed up with any creature (5).
24. The wasp-like characteristic was within limits distorted (4, 5).
27. Novelist to study before English (5).
28. The craze for meaningless writing is a wartime peril (9).
29. Birds which are a little while before others (8).
30. Following a flower north (6).

DOWN

1. Priest without a good boy for a passage in church (8).
2. An astronomer, I put on weight (5).
3. The place for a subject (5).
5. We are in an island and it is on an island (5).
6. It is shown up among residents and friends (9).
7. Beliefs about people making the places in which they live (9).
8. This is most dreadful, but if decapitated I am at peace (6).
9. Split of parson and fool in church (8).
15. Eglantine looks untidy if wrongly arranged (9).
16. Element composed of little more than a mixture of names and age (9).
18. Curiously remiss about the celebration for the French month (8).
19. Figure for the writer to become attached to (8).
22. A woman in child is an angelic creature (6).
24. The battle for litter (5).
25. The county is dispirited (5).
26. Moisten but cut short in the end of time (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 277

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 277

A. C. Bubb (Sale), A. W. Stone (Moscow), J. Audsley (New Malden)

PERSONAL

CHRISTMAS party—Beatrice Webb Ho. Dorking—24/29 December. 30s. a day; minimum charge £7 10s. Bookings from Manageress £1 deposit). Tel. Abinger 404.

COUPLE, housebound by inf. and dog, want to learn Mah-Jong. Would any N.S. couple like an occasional weekend in Chilterns to help fathom the rules? Box 6756.

WORK required Xmas by girl student, exper. children, pref. abroad. Box 6638.

SPANISH girl requires au-pair position from mid-January. Central London preferred. Kind, intelligent and fond of children. Knowledge of English. Box 6640.

CONSULTING room in Harley Street wanted. Two rooms essential with usual offices. Write Box 6678.

PARENTS, discouraged by pro-Establishment atmosphere of Schools and prospectuses, want to hear of skilled, human, friendly, small schools for daughters approaching school-age. Co-ed., SW England preferred. Initially day, boarders later. Box 6664.

LINGUIST, experienced hostess, seeks interesting occupation for six months, preferably in sunny Latin clime. Box 6719.

BACH. Artist desires compan. (m.) second winter adventure Andalusia. Box 6671.

BACHELOR (48) interested song-writing seeks another same interests. Box 6625.

SMALL group interested studying forming communities (type Kibbutzim Boimondeau) invites new members. Box 6548.

SHORT stories, articles, etc. required for children's publications. Typescripts should not be more than 3,000 words, and are required in two groups: (a) for girls, and (b) for boys. Age groups 10-14 years. Address material to GCB/SF, A.N. Publications, 163 Queen Victoria Street, London, EC4.

RICHMOND. Experienced teacher (Woman) required in January to coach two eleven-year-old boys each morning. Box 6792.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 6777.

QUAL. nurse, studying medicine, sks. accom. in part-exch. some duties. Box 6729.

YOUNGSTERS' (8 to 18) Country house party. Ponies to ride and Pantomimes to see; dances, fancy dress, square and ballroom dances; organised outings and games, from 30 December to 14 January. For particulars apply The Secretary, Farndon Hall, Harlow, Essex. Tel. Harlow 24511.

'OUTPOSTS' invites entries for Short Poem Competition. Prize £25. Judges: Lord Moyne, Sir George Rostrevor Hamilton, Margaret Willy, Howard Sergeant. Closing date 15 January. Details on request, from Howard Sergeant, 209 East Dulwich Grove, London, SE22.

ITALIAN week-end, incl. 'Continental & Overseas Party', 20 Dec. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon (only few vacancies); 27 Dec. 'Square & Country Dancing'.

THE Medici Galleries of Grafton St, London, W1, Thurloe St, SW7, and Bold St, Liverpool, invite you to visit their Christmas displays of cards, pictures, books and other attractive gifts. Christmas Mail Order Catalogue free on request (quoting N.S.).

THE Shop of Distinction: For your convenience Primavera, 149 Sloane Street, Street, SW1, is open until 5 p.m. on Saturdays 7, 14, and 21 December.

PERSONAL—continued

GILES' Carol Singers Christmas Card for Greater London Fund for the Blind (incorporating United Appeal for the Blind). Registered in accordance with the National Assistance Act, 1948. 9d. each with envelope from Fund, 2 Wyndham Place, London, W1. AMB. 0191.

CHRISTMAS Peace Party. 22-29 Dec. at Friendship House, Bückeburg, Germany. Festivities, excursions, invitations to German homes, discussions. Asians & Africans especially welcome. Cost 5 guineas, plus reduced fares. Partics. from A. Brocklehurst, 77 Brent Way, Finchley, N3.

WINTER in Tangier. From December, B. & B. in luxury flat. Write Moore, 31 Rue de Gibraltar, Tangier, Morocco.

RIVIERA. Small unassuming Villa to let till March. Sleeps 5. Magnificent view overlooking Menton & Roquebrune in quiet secluded spot amidst eucalyptus & lemon groves and vine. Modest rental. Box 6588.

FOREST School Camps Introductory course, December 27 to January 2, for those wishing to join the staff of these tented summer camps, for boys and girls of 6½ to 18. Details from Mrs. S. Powlesland, 26 Chicago Ave., Gillingham, Kent.

DISABLED under-25s invited to meet socially in Kensington. Car avail. Box 6258.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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MINISTRY of Education—Assistant Keeper (Second Class)—Victoria and Albert Museum—Library. The Civil Service Commission invite applications for one pensionable post. Age at least 21 and under 26 on 1 November 1957, with extension for Forces service, established civil service and for exceptionally well qualified candidates. Candidates should normally have an Honours degree (preferably First or Second Class) in an Arts subject or a degree awarded for post-graduate study or research. They must have a general knowledge of the history of both European and Oriental Art. Preference will be given to those with training or experience in bibliographical techniques and library practice and a knowledge of at least one modern foreign language. Salary scale (men): £635-£900. Increased starting salary for approved post-graduate experience and compulsory Forces service. Women's scale above £635 somewhat lower but being improved to reach equality with men's by 1961. Prospects of promotion to Assistant Keeper, First Class (Men: £1,175-£1,450) by age 30 and to Keeper. Particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, quoting No. 4782/57. Completed application forms should be returned by 30 December 1957.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Architectural Construction within the Department of Architecture. Salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A1,800-70-£A2,150 per anum, plus cost of living adjustment (£70 men, £53 women) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. (The current scale of salaries is at present under revision.) The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance may be available for home purchase in approved cases to married male appointee. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 28 December 1957.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Microbiology. The successful applicant will be required to give lectures and to conduct practical classes to third and fourth year students in the Faculties of Agriculture and Science. Course work includes both fundamental and applied aspects in approximately equal proportions. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,200-80-£1,750 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (£70 men, £53 women) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. (The current scale of salaries is at present under revision.) The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance may be available for home purchase in approved cases to married male appointee. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 6 January 1958.

SCHOOL of Oriental and African Studies University of London, WC1. Applications are invited for an Assistant to take charge of the Japanese section in the Library. Candidates must be able to read Japanese and a knowledge of Japanese literature, history, etc. will be a recommendation. Salary in accordance with qualifications and experience, on the scale £525—£25—£650. Applications must be made to the Librarian by 31 December, 1957, in envelopes endorsed 'Japanese Assistant'. Two referees must be cited, but testimonials should not accompany applications.

CITY of Leeds Care of Children Department. Senior Child Care Officer (Male). Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons (Child Care Certificate or equivalent). Successful candidate will be responsible for a case-load and general supervision of Child Care Staff within the Department. Sound knowledge required of problems associated with children deprived of a normal home life, and understanding of case-work principles. Salary: £725 × £30 to £845 per annum. Full particulars and application forms to be obtained from the Children's Officer, 229 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds, 2, to whom they should be returned as early as possible.

YOUTH Hostels Association require Chief Warden for large, new London Hostel opening 1958; 200 beds; married couple preferred; accommodation available. Also vacancies for Assistant Wardens. Full particulars from Secretary, YHA London Region, 4 Playhouse Yard, London, EC4.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. The Senate will shortly proceed to an appointment to the Chair of Social Anthropology in the Department of Anthropology. The present occupant of the Chair of Anthropology, Professor J. A. Barnes, has recently been appointed to the Chair of Anthropology in the Australian National University. Salary will be at the rate of £A3,000 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (£70 men, £53 women). The current scale of salaries is at present under revision. There is retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme and in addition a pension of not less than £A400 per annum upon retirement after the age of 60 years. At present the amount is £A700 per annum. Finance may be available, under Staff Members' Housing Scheme, for home purchase in approved cases to married male appointee. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. A statement of conditions of appointment and information for candidates may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 13 January, 1958.

SCHOOL of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, WC1. Applications are invited for a Senior Clerkship at a starting salary within the range £600-£650 per annum, with prospects of early promotion to a Principal Clerkship at a higher salary. Candidates must be expert shorthand-typists, preferably with a knowledge of committee work. The appointment will date from the beginning of January and will be permanent and pensionable. Applications should be submitted in writing to the Secretary by 7 December, giving age, qualifications and full details of past experience.

THE University of Manchester. The University and the University Settlement invite applications from women for the appointment of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Education and Play Centre Organiser. Salary per annum within the following ranges: Lecturer, £900-£1,650; Assistant Lecturer, £700-£850; initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 14 December 1957, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

INTERNATIONAL trade union organization (London headquarters) offers position as translator/interpreter/reporter. Permanent post with non-contributory superannuation scheme. Three weeks annual paid holiday. Applicants, whose mother tongue should be English, must be able to translate and interpret from French, German, and one or more Scandinavian languages. Should also be capable of producing reports and Minutes of meetings. Previous trade union experience an asset. Applications, stating age, qualifications, previous experience, and salary required, together with references should be forwarded to Box 6688.

LONDON County Council. Post of responsibility. Haverstock School, Chalk Farm, NW3 (1,400 boys and girls 11-18 with sixth form offering variety of courses, some leading to G.C.E. 'O' and 'A' level and R.S.A. Commercial and Technical Certificates; Headmaster). Additional new buildings 1959 providing total of 1,800 places. Deputy Head required as soon as possible. Burnham (London) scale salary with allowance at present £400. Vacancy due to promotion. Good qualifications, organising ability, variety of teaching experience and interest in whole field of secondary education. Form EO/TS10/SR from Divisional Officer, 71, Gloucester Place, W1. Returnable to Head at school by 7 December. (2179)

FAMILY Planning Association requires Organiser for South Eastern Counties preferably based on London. Good education, committee and organising experience, keen interest social services essential. Salary £500 p.a. plus expenses. Write fully giving names of two referees. 64 Sloane Street, SW1.

TUTOR required January London secretarial college. Shorthand and book-keeping. Lively mind and wide background of education and experience required as well as technical quals. Classes small and students usually interested. Hours 10-4. Box 6802.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TRADES Union Congress invites applications for post of Assistant in Research and Economic Department. Sound knowledge of economics and related subjects essential; industrial background an additional qualification. Further particulars may be obtained before 13 December from Sir Vincent Tewson, TUC, 23-28 Great Russell Street, WC1.

SLUM-BOUND Gramophone Record Co. seeks first-class Mail Order systems man for controlling the records of millions—it seems—of Club members and controlling the girls who control them. A man who is just plain brilliant will do. Phone Mr Shaw at LADbroke 2080.

CHERRY Knowle Hospital, Ryhope, Nr. Sunderland. Clinical Psychologist, full-time, required at the above Mental Hospital. The post is a new one and the applicant must be qualified in terms of academic qualifications and experience to fill an independent post in the National Health Service. Opportunities for research will be available. Salary within the range of £700-£975, according to age. Applications, giving names of two referees, should be sent to the Group Secretary at the above address by 14 December 1957.

BIRMINGHAM Council for Community Associations; Promotional and Advisory body seeks a Fieldworker with a flair for organisation coupled with a sense of vocation. Salary £450/550. Further details from Organising Secretary, 19 Calthorpe Road, Birmingham 15.

THE YMCA has vacancies for full-time Secretaries, Physical Directors and Wardens of Centres for HM Forces. First essentials —sense of Christian vocation, good general education, organising ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth. Appointments suitable for men 21 to 30 years. Selected candidates will receive suitable training before appointment. For further information write to Personnel Secretary, National Council of YMCAs, 112 Great Russell Street, London, WC1.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s 8d per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

NORTHUMBERLAND County Council, Health Department. Applications are invited for the post of trained and experienced Family Case Worker (Male or Female) with Social Science qualifications for intensive rehabilitation work with selected families. Salary £575 to £725 per annum. The post is pensionable and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and the names of two referees, should be sent to the County Medical Officer, County Hall, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1, as soon as possible.

NEIGHBOURHOOD Workers (2) wanted, women, for Bermondsey housing estates. One new post, one to fill vacancy. Pioneer work, scope for initiative. Salary according to experience and qualifications. Accommodation provided. Suitable in one case for married couple. Application forms from Secretary, Time and Talents Association, 187, Bermondsey St, SE1.

ASSISTANT Housemother required for Children's Home, Aylesbury (12 children 5-16 yrs.). Salary: £370-£440 less £116 p.a. for emoluments. The post is superannuable and appointment is subject to medical examination. Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 18 Walton Street, Aylesbury, Bucks.

YOUTH Club Leader, full-time, qualified and experienced, required for a mixed club with junior section West London. Accommodation available. Pension scheme. Reply to Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Assoc., 29 Mulready St, London, NW8.

THE Stoke Newington Borough Council require an assistant in the People's Advice Service Centre. Experience in shorthand, typing and office routine and case work. Salary grade APT1 £575 × £30—£725 plus London Weighting. Application forms from Town Clerk, Town Hall, Stoke Newington Church Street, N16, by 7 December, 1957.

GRANADA TV NETWORK LIMITED

invite applications for the post of Organisation and Methods Officer.

This is a new post which will be based in Manchester, but the work will involve periodical visits to London.

The duties of this post will include keeping the organisational and administrative procedures of the Company under review and advising on the set-up of the Company's constantly developing activities.

Applicants should be experienced in organisation and methods work and should write giving full details to the Managing Director

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36, GOLDEN SQUARE, LONDON, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ORGANISER required for South East Wales (centre Cardiff). Must be able to lecture on several N.C.L.C. subjects. Salary £575 rising by £25 per annum to £675 per annum. Superannuation Scheme. Apply to J. P. M. Miller, Gen. Sec., National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

DEPUTY Matron required by Coventry Children's Committee for their Residential Nursery, 'The Manor,' Tamworth Rd, Keresley, near Coventry. This is a N.N.C. training Nursery with thirty places. Conditions and salary plus £26 local award in certain circumstances. Application forms and further details from Children's Officer, New Council Offices, Coventry.

CLUB Leader (Jewish) required for Victoria Girls' Club, full-time. Salary by arrangement. Reply Victoria Girls' Club, Egerton Road, Stamford Hill, N16.

THOROUGHLY experienced Kindergarten Mistress (Froebel) wanted May or before. The Town and Country School, 38 Eton Avenue, NW3.

CLUB Leader (Jewish) required for Victoria Boys' Club, full-time. Salary by arrangement. Reply Victoria Boys' Club, Egerton Road, Stamford Hill, N16.

THE British Society for Research in Agricultural Engineering requires Graduate Assistant to make abstracts in clear English from several foreign languages. Some knowledge of science, engineering or agriculture desirable. Salary scale: £595—£1,050. Starting salary according to age, qualifications and experience. Application forms from Secretary, N.I.A.E., West Park, Silsoe, Beds.

HOUSEFATHER wanted in new year for Spastic Centre. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd., Croydon.

GOVERNESS wanted, P.N.E.U. preferred, for two girls 5½ and 3½, West Africa (Ibadan) and Devon. Box 6663.

LADY wanted as assistant in offices of Jewish organisation in Westminster; must be capable of and experienced in writing letters and drafting reports on own initiative. Fair knowledge of French essential. Knowledge of shorthand and typing advantageous. Pleasant working conditions. 5-day week. Pension and bonus schemes in operation. Reply in confidence, giving details of education and past experience, to Box 6681.

COMMITTEE Clerk (f.) 23/30 for prof. Assocn. Sh./hand not essent. but fast typing reqd. Sal. to £500 plus L.V.'s. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

PERSONAL Secretary of good education, 25/30, for well-known magazine. Salary £9 10s. to £12. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUN. 0676.

FIRST-Class Shorthand Typist required as personal assistant/secretary to editor of the Middle East Economic Digest. Copy typist also needed. Applications to M.E.E.D., 84 Chancery Lane, WC2. CHA. 8533/4.

WIGMORE Agency. Personal assistants, Secretaries, Medical and Dental Secretaries, shorthand-typing and office staff. 67 Wigmore Street, W1. HUN. 9951.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN, late thirties, former teacher and lecturer and now University examiner in domestic subjects, with editorial, secretarial and organisational experience and literary ability, member of Labour Party, wants to help cause of peace and progress. Would be glad to work in cultural, social or political organisation, in publishing firm or bookshop. Suggestions welcomed. Box 6715.

RETIRED schoolmistress wants part-time post; anything but teaching. London. Box 6728.

YOUNG man (21), B.A. (Cape): language, literature, philosophy, cultural history, seeks immediate post. Box 6691.

UNIV. Graduate (First: Modern Langs.) m. 31, 2 yrs. in journalism, 2 yrs. in ITV, hunting new job. Box 6753.

YOUNG lady studying music seeks interesting part-time secretarial or other work (mornings only). Box 6637.

WOMAN (40's) free Jan. Committee secretary, private secretary, personal assistant, etc., but other suggestions welcomed. Good & varied experience. Box 6387.

COMPANION-Help, middle-aged, intelligent, well educated, Viennese, gd. cook, reqs. non-res. post. Also pt.-time. Box 6766.

HOMEWORK urgently required by educated woman with invalid relative. Exp. S/T., languages. Phone CRO. 6442, evgs.

SOVIET/East Bloc econs. expert/journalist, langs. Russian, Czech, French, German, seeks change with real scope. Box 6720.

PART-time permanent work (15-30 hrs. a week) needed by woman expd. editing, indexing, library & research work. Box 6531.

LECTURES COURSES, ETC.—continued

URCHFONT Manor, Short Residential Courses. Friday, 31 Jan.-Sunday, 2 Feb. 'Design in the Home', Friday, 7 Feb.-Sunday, 9 Feb., 'Humanism and Morals'. Friday, 21 Feb.-Sunday, 23 Feb., 'Men on the Moon'. Spring Programme from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr. Devizes, Wilts.

L'INSTITUT Britannique de l'Université de Paris holds Courses in French language, literature and civilisation throughout the academic year. Students of 17 and over, leaving school at Christmas and wishing to continue their French studies in Paris, may enrol for the Intermediate Course beginning on 6 January or 12 February 1958. The Institute has its own Accommodation Service and Franco-British Students' Club. Full particulars of term-time Courses, and of the Easter Vacation Course for Sixth Form Pupils, from the British Institute in Paris (London Office), 29 Tavistock Square, London, WC1.

ST. JAMES School of Secretaries & Languages, 283 Oxford St, W1. HYDe Park 6524. Intensive 3-6-9 month Secretarial Training. Earn While You Learn scheme. Also English for Foreign Students and Conversation Courses in French, German, Italian & Spanish.

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RUSSIAN lessons by Leningrad University graduate. E.R., 31 Mowbray Rd., NW6.

GERMAN, all stages, taught by cert. language mistress. BAY 5916.

ITALIAN, French, German, Rome, Sorbonne, Heidelberg. Coach up to Univ. Ent. Essential knowledge for hols. Mrs. Chanda, 4c Holford Rd, NW3. HAM. 7322.

ST. Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery. Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

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P.T. (with music) and Beginners Ballet. Morn., afternoon & eve. classes for ladies. Stella Mann School of Dancing, 8 Netherhall Gdns, London, NW3. HAM. 9317 after 4.30.

FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

LONDON County Council. Robert Blair Fellowship in Applied Science and Technology. Applications are invited for the award of the Robert Blair Fellowship tenable for one year of advanced study or research abroad in applied science and technology. The value of the award is subject to variation, and, if the country selected should be Canada or the U.S.A., may be up to £2,000 (subject to Income Tax). Candidates must be British subjects and at least 21 years of age. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Education Officer (EO.WA/14), The County Hall, SE1. (Stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary for return by 28 February, 1958.) (2183)

SCHOLARSHIPS Abroad 1958-59. Applications are invited from British students for scholarships offered by Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Iceland, Iran, Italy, Japan, The Netherlands, Norway, Poland, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and Yugoslavia. The awards are mainly for university graduates and undergraduates and are tenable for periods varying from a few weeks to twelve months during the academic year 1958-59. Full particulars and application forms, for which a stamped (3d.) self-addressed adhesive label should be sent, are obtainable from the British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W1, or from any British Council office in the United Kingdom.

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QUIET single room to let. Highgate. £3 incl. bkfst. ARC. 3658 or MOU. 3042.

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ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

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FLAT—working-class tenement, East London. Unfurn. Available to Social Worker 55s. a week incl. of rates. Apply Box 6746.

LARGE double-divan-room near Highgate Underground. Mod. furniture. Tel., kitchenette. Available Jan. in Postgraduate's flat. Term-time only 4½gns. No charge in vacation. Tel.-FIT. 1729.

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WARWICK Way, SW1. (Belgrave Road end.) A new approach to the minimum Flat. Modern designed fitted furniture and furnishings. Concealed services, all facilities. Single or double apartments. From 5 gns. Resident Housekeeper. C. F. Kearley Properties, Ltd., 17 British Grove, Chiswick, W4. Tel. RIV. 6004.

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CHRISTMAS Vacation. Accommodation with partial board available. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

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ST. John's Wood. In superior residence, large, bright, warm, absolutely dry basement room, newly dec. furn. Own ckg. facs. Quiet, tidy tenant. MAI. 5647.

NICE warm furn. room, W9. Every con. Cheaper to girl away wknds. Box 6761.

HAMPSTEAD. Cosy divan-r. (sgle.), overlook. garden. Cook. fac. Use bath. tel. Congenial atmosphere. £3. HAM. 7428.

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FURN. flatlet, separate kitchen. H. & C. Also single room, cooking facs. Crouch End. FITzroy 0773.

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LADY/child 4 desires pleas. accom. 2 beds, sit. rm. S.con/use of kit., bathrm. Pref. Ken., Ham. areas—offers. Box 6730.

HOSP. social worker, happy disposition, sks board with congen. family or flatlet W1. Would baby-sit with pleas. Box 6808.

2 CEYLONESE, 1 univ. st., req. furn. flat/2 rms. w. sep. or use k. & bthrm., Finsbury Pk., Golders Grn., W. Hamp., Close/tube/Bloomsbury. Refs. given. Box 6793.

GRAD. (m.) wants bed-sit./flatlet Richmond, Jan. Tidy, careful. Box 6755.

EQUITY organiser wants flat/cott. country 30 mls. Lond. Daughter 4. Wife wd. baby sit/take charge children. Box 6814.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

MARXISM, Mr Strachey and 'increasing misery' are the subject of Palme Dutt's Editorial Notes in the December Labour Monthly. 1s 8d all agents, or 9s half-yearly from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

LEGER said Bravo, what a tour de force! This is really modern, when he saw 'L'oeil', the gorgeous international art magazine which appears at 6s 6d monthly (Christmas issue 12s 6d) at Zwemmers of Charing X Rd & other well-informed booksellers. A year's subscription at £3 10s post free projects Christmas good will through the year.

LANDLORDS' profits; U.S. slump?; new pensions, etc. Labour Research, 9d (11s p.a.), 2 Soho Sq., W1.

YOUR Gift Problem.—For 3s 6d, half normal subscription, we will send your friend 'The Humanist' (the journal of Scientific Humanism, 1s monthly, 32 pp. illus.) for six months post free. Donor's name advised (optional).—H. J. Thompson Press Ltd., 28 St. James's Place, London, SW1.

SUBSCRIPTIONS accepted to all Foreign newspapers and journals. Special offer: assortment parcels cont. 10 German newspapers & journals incl. postage 5s. Please write to: Foreign Publications Company, 55a The Broadway, Wimbledon, London, SW19.

ESSENTIAL Christianity might interest you—even if you think that the disunited churches with their differing formularies have nothing to say to the thinking man. Readers and writers may obtain specimen copy for postage, 2d., from J. R. Roberts, 3 Ollier Court, 61 Carlisle Rd., Eastbourne, Sussex.

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'THE Linguist,' the language monthly for experts and beginners, includes 'Typical Conversations' in seven languages, 'Pages for Practice,' 'Translator's Commentary,' articles, book reviews, etc., 17s. yearly. Spec. copy 1s. 3d. from The Linguist (N.S.), 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1.

MOUNTAINEERING Autumn list ready. Chyngton Books, Seaford, Sx, Eng.

WANTED, Horizons, Penguin New Writings, Criterions, Tragsitions & similar periodicals. Fisher & Sperr, Booksellers, 46 Highgate High St, London, N6. MOU. 7244.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism: books/pamps. bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6807.

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IF there's one thing I don't want specially for Christmas, it's a bottle of Duff Gordon's El Cid Amontillado Sherry or Fine Feria. Not specially for Christmas. All the year round, thank you.

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